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ORGAN OF THE PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS, THE YOUNG MEN'S MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATIONS AND THE SCHOOLS OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

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Apostrophe To The Night

O dreamy night, soft silent hour!
Sweet bud of twilight in the flower!
Here in thy plot of garden lies
The poet's dream of paradise!
When down the dark, deep, dim dome, die
The embers of the sunset sky;
How mid thy grim, gray gulfs of gloom
Thy buds of glory break and bloom,
Bathed in that tender light that gives
The hope that dreams, the love that lives.
To thee, O night, when beauty spreads
Thy solar fields with daisy beds,
When bursting fountains flood the night
With silver seas of living light,
And in thy splendor soft and sweet
The World lies dreaming at thy feet,
To thee I turn, O night divine,
To pause, to worship at thy shrine;
To dream, to contemplate, to trace
God's footsteps down the walls of space;
To hear thy solitudes release
Their sacred symphonies of peace
That kindle in the heart's desire
Like tongues of Pentecostal Fire
And stir the soul with vision deep
Where Godhood's latent passions sleep.
To thee, O night, the dreamer turns
When thy rekindled altar burns!

THEODORE E. CURTIS.

MEMENTO, 50th ANNIVERSARY YEAR OF THE Y. M. M. I. A.
Organized June 10, 1875

Leaders in the great Jubilee celebration of June, 1925: Center, Superintendent George Albert Smith; left, First Assistant Superintendent Richard R. Lyman right, Second Assistant Superintendent Melvin J. Ballard; standing, left, Junius F. Wells, founder of the organization under President Brigham Young: right, Oscar A. Kirkham, Executive Director.

IMPROVEMENT ERA

Vol. XXIX JUNE, 1926 No. 8

WHAT IS A CHRISTIAN?

WHY THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS IS A CHRISTIAN CHURCH*

BY PRESIDENT ANTHONY W. IVINS

I sincerely desire, my brethren and sisters, during the few moments of time that I may occupy, that I may have the benefit of your faith, exercised in my behalf. I appreciate fully the responsibility which I assume, as I stand here professing to teach the doctrines of our Lord, Jesus Christ.

The Advice of Gamaliel

The scripture which I am about to read I have often quoted before, but it appears so appropriate to the subject which I desire briefly to discuss that it will bear repetition. The apostles who had been chosen by our Lord had been imprisoned by those who were opposed to the doctrines which they taught, and had been arraigned before the Jewish high priest, by whom they were accused of violating the law. When opportunity was granted them to speak in their own behalf, Peter stood up and said:

"The God of our fathers raised up Jesus, whom ye slew and hanged on a tree.

"Him hath God exalted with his right hand to be a Prince and a Savior, for to give repentance to Israel, and forgiveness of sins.

"And we are his witnesses of these things; and so is also the Holy Ghost whom God hath given to them that obey him.

"When they heard that, they were cut to the heart, and took counsel to slay them,

"Then stood there up one in the council, a Pharisee, named Gamaliel, a doctor of the law, had in reputation among all the people, and commanded to put the apostles forth a little space; and said unto them:

*A sermon delivered at the 96th annual conference of the Church, April 4, 1926.

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"Ye men of Israel, take heed to yourselves what ye intend to do as touching these men. * * *

"For if this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to nought: But if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it."

Norway Decides the "Mormons" Are Not Christians

During the past ninety-six years the restored gospel of Christ has been preached in both the old and the new world without serious governmental opposition, or objection on the part of the people at large.

From the time of its introduction into the Scandinavian, and other countries of Europe, people who appear to have been prepared for the gospel before they heard it have joyfully accepted the message which the elders of the Church have carried to them, and the converts who have been gathered out from among those nations have become a pillar of strength to the Church.

To our surprise and regret the friendly relations which have so long existed have recently become greatly disturbed, because of the fact that our missionaries have been refused admittance to Norway, where, before, they had enjoyed the privileges accorded to other religious organizations. Upon inquiry regarding the reason for this changed attitude we were informed that representatives of the Christian churches of the country, in convention assembled, had passed resolutions to the effect that the "Mormon" Church is not a Christian organization, and consequently we were not entitled to the privileges, and protection under the law, which we have hitherto enjoyed.

Our protest against this ruling was answered by the statement that the only means by which it could be modified would be for a conference of churches to assemble, and officially declare that the jury, which, without having given us an opportunity to be heard in our own behalf, had decided that we were guilty, must meet and reverse the decision which they had rendered, a court before which we could expect no more justice than was accorded the Redeemer of the world, when arraigned before the Jewish Sanhedrin.

A Convention of Churches in this Land Declares us Un-Christian

From the published account of the proceedings of the general assembly of a convention of representatives of one of the great churches of our own country, held during the year just passed, I quote as follows:

"The American Islam. Thus has the 'Mormon' area often been characterized. It is an apt figure of speech. Those who live and labor in the atmosphere of this Islam of America, know what it means to go up against a stone wall, with scarcely ever feeling it give a little. The 'Mormon' has, to date, been far more zealous to convert the Christian, than the Christian has to convert him."

Islamism, as you are aware, is the religion of Mohammed. In one respect it is a good religion, for it at least teaches faith in, and service

to a living God, the God of Abraham, but it does not recognize Jesus Christ as the Redeemer of the world, or as the Son of God.

From the foregoing, my brethren and sisters, you will observe that the Church of which you are members is declared, both in the old world and here in our own country, to be an un-Christian organization, and as a consequence you are declared not to be Christians.

Both Declarations Inexcusable and Untrue

Had statements such as those been made ninety-six years ago, soon after the organization of the Church, when means of obtaining information were limited, and the history and accomplishments of the Church were before it, and not behind, there might have been some reason for the exercise of charity towards the persons responsible for the publication of such statements to the people of the world; but now, after the lapse of nearly a century, after the doctrines of the Church have been expounded to the people of all civilized countries, after millions of publications setting forth the doctrines of the Church have been distributed, such statements can only be regarded as the result of either inexcusable ignorance or wilful desire to deceive the people by statements which are known to be untrue.

What Constitutes a Christian?

The situation suggests the question: What constitutes a Christian Church, a Christian community or individual, and by what rule, or tribunal is a question of such vital importance to be decided?

I suppose the general answer would be: A Christian is one who professes faith in, and follows the teachings of Christ, and that a body of people, organized as a worshiping assembly, professing faith in the Redeemer, would be regarded as a Christian church.

During the earliest history of the primitive church its members were not referred to as Christians, but as brethren, disciples or saints. It was at Antioch, as I remember, about ten years after the crucifixion, that the followers of the Redeemer were first called Christians, a name applied to them in derision, or contempt, which they accepted very much as we have accepted the name "Mormon," because we accept the Book of Mormon as a divine revelation from the Lord.

The first use of the word church, applied to the followers of Christ, so far as I am aware, was by the Redeemer himself when he declared to Peter that upon the rock of revelation he would build his Church, and that the gates of hell should not prevail against it. A very significant statement, a plain declaration that revelation is the foundation upon which the Church must rest.

We are told that the apostles, as they traveled from place to place, preaching to the people, ordained elders in every church, and after commending the converted members to the Lord passed on to other

fields. Thus the entire body of converts became known as the Church of Christ, he being declared to be its head, the Church being subject to him in all things.

The Answer Given in the Words of our Lord and his Disciples

I know of no better authority on the question than the words of our Lord, and those of his disciples, who followed after him.

Before an organization could be formed which could be designated as a church, it was necessary that converts be made to the divinity of the Redeemer, and the importance of the message which he brought to the people of the world. His doctrine, or as he taught, the doctrine of his Father who sent him, as he expounded it in his memorable sermon on the mount, teaches us the manner of life we should lead in order that we may be worthy to be called Christians.

He taught us to overcome the evil habits of the world, its pride and selfishness, becoming humble in spirit, and promised that by so doing we should inherit the blessings of the earth. He taught us that we are to be peace-makers, if we are to become the children of God; that our example should be such that others seeing our good works, would be led to glorify the name of our Father who is in heaven; that, as we hope for mercy, we should be merciful; that we should not sit in judgment upon others, for by the judgment with which we judge so shall we be judged; that we should not seek to exalt ourselves, for he who exalteth himself shall be abashed; that we should be charitable, but admonishing us that if we give alms to be seen of men, for our own glory, it availeth us nothing.

His entire doctrine was one which requires that men withdraw from the ambition, selfishness and strife of the world, and dedicate themselves to the service of the Lord, and their fellow men, and he covenanted that if they will do so the necessary temporal blessings shall be conferred upon them, as a reward for righteousness.

He declared another doctrine of great importance in that remarkable discourse, that not all who say Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he who doeth the will of our Father who is in heaven.

Therefore he said, whosoever heareth these sayings of mine and doeth them, I will liken him to a wise man who built his house upon a rock. And the rains descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew and beat upon that house, and it fell not, for it was founded upon a rock. And he who heareth these sayings of mine and doeth them not shall be likened unto a foolish man, who built his house upon sand, and the rains descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew and beat upon that house, and it fell, for it was founded upon sand, and great was the fall of it.

The acceptance of these first principles of the gospel were in-

dispensable, but not sufficient to entitle one to be called a Christian. He must manifest his faith by accepting the ordinance of baptism, an ordinance which was administered to the Redeemer himself by John the Baptist, an ordinance without which our Lord declared a man cannot enter the kingdom of heaven.

Nor was baptism alone sufficient. John declared that his baptism was with water for the remission of sin, but that one who would come after him would baptize with fire and the Holy Ghost.

The Christian Church Defined

When Paul came to Ephesus he found certain disciples and asked if they had received the Holy Ghost. They answered we have not so much as heard that there be any Holy Ghost. Unto what then were you baptized? he asked, and they replied, Unto John's baptism. They were then baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus, and when Paul had laid his hands upon them they received the Holy Ghost.

Those who believed and subjected themselves to the administration of these simple first ordinances of the Church became Christians. They had manifested their faith in Christ, in his divinity, his death, and above all his resurrection from the grave, by being buried in the water of baptism, in a similitude of his death, and coming up from it with their sins washed away, born to newness of life, as he arose to newness of life, with his glorified, resurrected body.

Then came the climax, when, by laying on of hands by those in authority the Holy Ghost was conferred upon the baptized believer: the Holy Ghost, which takes of the things of the Father and manifests them unto man, which bears witness of the Father and the Son, not in a voice audible to our ordinary sense of hearing, but at the same time more potent and convincing than any words the human voice can utter; the Holy Ghost, who leads us into all truth and is an unfailing source of strength, wisdom and knowledge so long as we permit ourselves to be guided by his unerring counsels.

Such a person became a Christian, and an association of such people became a Christian church.

That a church may be brought into existence and endure it must be properly organized, with officers to preside over it and direct the conduct of its affairs, and these our Lord provided through the Twelve Apostles whom he chose, the quorums of the lesser priesthood with their helps in government, an organization complete in every detail, conferring upon the men chosen the keys of authority which belong to the priesthood, and which authorize them to act in the direction of the affairs of the Church.

That any group of persons may associate themselves together as a worshipping assembly, and call themselves a church, is conceded, and they are at liberty to choose any name they may desire by which their organization shall be known. For all the good which such an organ-

ization may accomplish the Lord will give them credit, and they will be rewarded for their efforts to establish faith in the hearts of people, I believe, far beyond their expectations, for everything that is good, and persuadeth men to do good, cometh from God. The Latter-day Saints wish all people who are thus striving God-speed.

Calamities That Followed

After the crucifixion of the Redeemer, and the death of the apostles whom he had chosen, all of whom suffered violent death because of their faith, with the exception of John the Revelator, many different religious sects came into existence, numbers of them professing Christianity, but teaching doctrines at variance with those taught by the Redeemer and his disciples.

Prior to his crucifixion, our Lord plainly outlined to his disciples that the time was approaching when he would be offered up, when he would leave them, but promised that at a future time he would return and consummate the work which he had commenced. Upon one occasion, as he sat on the Mount of Olives, his disciples came to him and asked when these things should be, and what would be the sign of his coming and of the end of the world.

The Redeemer outlined the conditions which would prevail at the time when he would come in glory, in the clouds of heaven, with such detail and accuracy that one who lives at the present time may read as he runs, and know that he lives in the day to which Christ referred. Read the twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth chapters of the Gospel according to St. Matthew, my brethren and sisters, if you desire to know more of the tremendous importance of the dispensation in which you live.

Upon this occasion he said to his disciples: "Take heed that no man deceive you. For many shall come in my name, saying, I am Christ; and shall deceive many." For there shall be false Christs and false prophets, who if it were possible would deceive the very elect. And they shall deliver you up to be afflicted, and you shall be hated of all nations for my name's sake, and, most important of all, this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world, as a witness unto all people, and then shall the end come.

The Prophet Isaiah says: "Behold the Lord maketh the earth empty, and maketh it waste, and turneth it upside down, and scattereth abroad the inhabitants thereof. The land shall be utterly emptied and spoiled."

The Reason for Apostasy and Calamities

Why are these dire calamities decreed? The prophet makes the reason clear: it is because both priests and people have transgressed the law of the Lord, changed the ordinances of his Church and broken the everlasting covenant. Our Lord gave us the key by which we may

know the voice of the good Shepherd when this time of confusion and distress is upon us. When his disciples asked him whither they should go, or look, he replied: "Wheresoever the carcass is there will the eagles be gathered together," and, wherever the true Church of Christ is, there will the fruits of his gospel be manifested in the lives of the people.

Why the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is a Christian Church

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is a Christian Church in the fullest sense of the word, the declaration of the so-called Christian churches of the world to the contrary notwithstanding. In its establishment and accomplishments the words of the Redeemer, and the declarations of the prophets who lived before and after him, are fulfilled. In justification of this declaration, permit me to make the following statement, briefly, because a subject of such tremendous importance can only be touched upon in one brief discourse.

Brief Story of the Founding of the Church

One hundred seven years ago, Joseph Smith, at the time in his fifteenth year, lived with his parents at Manchester, in the state of New York. While a great religious revival was being held in the neighborhood he found himself in doubt as to which of the contending sects he should join, for there was great rivalry among them in their efforts to secure converts.

Profoundly religious, he had never conceived the idea that all were wrong, neither could he believe that all were right, because of the great difference in doctrine and organization which existed. Familiar with the scriptures, he knew that the Lord had promised wisdom to all who lacked it, if they would go to him in faith, and believing that the question which he was not able to decide would be answered by the Lord, he retired to the woods and engaged in earnest prayer.

While thus occupied a vision was unfolded in which he saw two glorious personages, whose brightness and glory, he says, defied all description. One of these personages, pointing to the other, said: "This is my beloved Son, hear him."

The Person referred to told Joseph that he should join none of the existing churches, that all were wrong, that they drew near him with their lips, but their hearts were removed far from him, and they taught for doctrine the commandments of men.

Nothing of importance occurred in the life of Joseph Smith, except that he was persecuted and ridiculed because he maintained that he had seen this vision, until three years later, when, while engaged in prayer in his bed room, Joseph says that a light began to appear, which increased in brilliancy until the room was brighter than at noon-day, when a personage appeared at his bedside, clothed in a robe of exquisite whiteness.

This personage said that he was a messenger sent from the presence of God, and that his name was Moroni; that the Lord had a great work for Joseph to do, and that his name should be known for both good and evil among all nations, that among some it would be held in honor, and among others in reproach. He also told him that there was a book deposited, written upon gold plates, containing the history of the ancient inhabitants of this continent, and that it also contained the fulness of the everlasting gospel, as it was delivered by the Savior to them, and that there was also deposited the Urim and Thummim, by means of which characters engraven on the plates could be translated. This was the Book of Mormon, which was later delivered to Joseph Smith, translated by him and first published to the world in 1830.

While engaged in the work of translation, assisted by Oliver Cowdery, Joseph observed the importance which attached to the ordinance of baptism, and desiring greater light he and Oliver went to a secluded spot, on the bank of the Susquehanna River, and engaged in prayer. While thus occupied they bear witness that a messenger from heaven descended in a cloud of light, and laying his hands upon their heads said: "Upon you my fellow servants, in the name of Messiah, I confer the Priesthood of Aaron, which holds the keys of the ministering of angels, and of the gospel of repentance, and of baptism by immersion for the remission of sins, and this shall never be taken again from the earth, until the sons of Levi do offer again an offering unto the Lord in righteousness."

This messenger told them that he was John the Baptist, that he acted under instruction from Peter, James and John. That the Aaronic Priesthood, which he had conferred had not the power to lay on hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost, but that the keys of the Melchizedek Priesthood would be later conferred upon them. This latter priesthood was conferred upon Joseph and Oliver at a later date under the hands of Peter, James and John, who ordained them to the Apostleship, and committed to them the keys of the kingdom, and of the Gospel Dispensation of the Fulness of Times.

It is upon this authority that the Church assumes to speak and act in the name of the Lord.

The Church Not a Faction, But the Restored Church of Christ

The Church is not a protestant faction which has broken away from the mother church, or from any other religious body. It is the Church of Christ, our Lord, restored to earth as he and the prophets declared it should be, restored for the purpose of gathering the outcasts of Israel, that the way may be prepared for the coming of the Redeemer of the world, and the consummation of the purposes of the Lord, in so far as they pertain to the present generation of mankind, who occupy the small portion of the universe, which we call the world.

We Do Not Believe It, Say Objectors

Yes, says the objector, if this story were true your authority would be sufficient, but we do not believe it. We do not believe that Joseph Smith, in vision, saw and communed with the Father and the Son. We do not believe that heavenly messengers visited him, nor that the keys of the Priesthood were conferred upon him by John the Baptist, nor by Peter, James and John. These men died more than a thousand years ago, and the dead do not return to visit the living. Visions and the visitation of angels have long since been done away with, there are no such things in the age in which we live, Joseph Smith was either a visionary dreamer, and these imaginings were the result of a disordered mind, or else he was a wilful impostor.

Neither did the people believe the words of the Redeemer of the world. They declared him to be an impostor, a disturber of the peace, that he was guilty of sedition, and was a blasphemer, because he declared himself to be the Son of God, and it was upon these and other similar charges that he was condemned to death upon the cross. The people did not believe that Moses and Elias appeared to Peter, James and John, at the time of the transfiguration of the Redeemer, they had long been dead, and could not return.

Nor did they believe Paul when he declared to King Agrippa and Festus, that as he journeyed toward Damascus, at noon day, a light brighter than the sun descended from heaven which caused him, and those who were with him to fall to earth; that a voice called to him declaring that it was Jesus of Nazareth who spoke, telling him to arise, and stand upon his feet, and said: "I have appeared unto thee for this purpose, to make thee a minister and a witness" to the people, especially to the Gentiles, "to open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of satan unto God." The Redeemer had been crucified, declared dead, and Festus, who could not understand how he could appear to anyone, cried out: "Paul, thou art beside thyself; much learning doth make thee mad." But Paul answered, "I am not mad, most noble Festus; but speak forth the words of truth and soberness."

We Bear Witness of the Restoration

So do we in soberness and truth bear witness to the people of the world today, to king and subject, to patrician and plebeian, to rich and poor, to Christian and heathen, that Joseph Smith was divinely called to be the instrument in the hands of the Lord in the restoration of the gospel of Christ; that the keys of the Priesthood were conferred upon him as has been stated, and have come down through his successors to the present. Another thing to which we bear witness is that all men may know the truth of the testimony which we bear by asking the Lord for it in faith. It is not by the words of men that you have

been converted, my brethren and sisters, but by the gift of the Holy Ghost, which has borne witness of the truth of these things, and this great congregation of people would arise and testify to the truth of what I say if requested to do so.

What We Believe

We believe in the immaculate conception of the Virgin Mary, and that the Child born at Bethlehem of Judea was in very deed the Son of God, the Only Begotten of the Father in the flesh. That he is our advocate with the Father, the medium through which we reach the throne of grace.

The foundation of the Church is laid in God the Eternal Father, his Son Jesus Christ and the Holy Ghost, which constitute the Godhead. No person can become a member of the Church until he has taken upon him the name of Christ, and entered into the covenant that he is willing to serve him, and keep the commandments which he has given, to the best of his ability. He must accept the ordinance of baptism, which is administered in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, in other words, he must accept Christ as the Redeemer of the world, without reservation.

The members of the Church meet together once each week and partake of the sacrament in remembrance of the body and blood of our Lord. Every ordinance of the Church, every act performed, is administered in the name of Christ.

But What About the Book of Mormon, Say Objectors

But, says the objector, you accept the Book of Mormon as a revelation from God, thus bringing a new Bible into use when there can be but one Bible, and this we cannot accept. Even if such a record were to be brought forth, would the Lord undertake to accomplish it through the medium of an unlearned young man, when we have many profound scholars among us?

Our reply to that objection is, he did choose Joseph Smith to accomplish it, and that should be sufficient answer. It is the same question asked regarding the Redeemer: "Is not this the carpenter's Son? Is not his mother called Mary?" and are not his brothers and sisters all with us? Whence hath this man all of these things?

Why do Christian people reject the Book of Mormon? It is the strongest corroborative evidence of the truth of the Bible, and the divine mission of the Redeemer that exists in the world; and should be welcomed by all Christian people. It is of special value to America, and particularly to the people of the United States. It is the Holy Scripture of the American continent, and it outlines the establishment and destiny of our nation, asserting that our government was established by inspiration from the God of the land, whom it declares is Jesus Christ, and warns us that if we turn from him, and cease longer to recognize and

serve him, his protection will be withdrawn, and the great promises which he made in regard to our destiny will be of no effect.

All the "Mormons" Ask Is Permission to Believe As They Choose

The Latter-day Saints recognize and appreciate the great work accomplished by the Christian churches of the world since the Reformation, in breaking down kingcraft, and priestcraft, thus preparing the way for the establishment of free government, freedom of worship, and the coming of our Lord Jesus.

When brought before the Jewish high priests, Peter speaking for the Twelve declared that God had sent his Son to bring salvation to Israel. Hearing this truth they took council to slay them.

So it is with us today. The world says if you will renounce this fable regarding visions and heavenly visitations to Joseph Smith, we will accept you as Christian people. Like Peter and Paul we answer: This we can never do, because it is the truth, and the experiences of the past teach us that it is dangerous to ignore the truth.

All that we ask is to be permitted to believe as we choose, and we grant all men this privilege. We ask people of the world to rely upon the words of Gamaliel, which have been quoted, for they are as true today as they where when uttered. If this work is of men it will come to nought, but if it is of God you cannot overthrow it. Like the primitive church, being defamed we entreat, being ridiculed we revile not, being persecuted we patiently submit, knowing that error must eventually yield to truth, and that time is the friend of innocence. We submit our cause to the Lord, our God, to whom be glory and praise and honor, through Jesus Christ, his Son. Amen.

Tobacco

The tobacco companies are catering to women smokers, making materials, as little gold pipes, amber holders, cork tips and perfumed cigarettes, beautiful tobacco pouches, embroidered and elegant cigarette cases of gold and silver, etc. These are advertized frequently by merchants in all towns. The tobacco companies give coupons and premiums and allure in every way possible the fancy of young girls and women to adopt the habit of smoking. Besides, they distribute cigarettes free. They learn the birthdays of boys and girls; send them packages and free birthday presents. They scatter hundreds of cigarettes on the lawns of schools for the children; anything to get them started. If a child starts, and gets the habit, any time before twenty-one, the devil Nicotine has them, and manufacturers have a life-time customer. This advertizing practice is pernicious. So far as Latter-day Saints go, all tobacco inducements should be counteracted by observance of the Word of Wisdom, and by willing obedience to the requirements that are therein contained. Civil laws alone will not prevent the use of tobacco. The person must be educated against tobacco, and be filled with a desire to obey the Lord's law of health.—A.

ORATORY, POESY AND PROPHECY

By Orson F. Whitney

IV

Oratory typifies Time. Poesy symbolizes Eternity. Time passes. Eternity endures. The triumphs of oratory are the triumphs of Time, the victories of the present, the advantages of the passing moment. The orator charms with his presence, his voice, his manner, his magnetism, quite as much as with his ideas, and even more. He hypnotizes or (to coin a word) Svengalizes his hearers, many of whom are in the position of poor Trilby, whose points of excellence were not in her head, but in her feet—where also lies the chief excellence of some poems. Poetry that stands only upon its "feet" is weak poetry.

An ancient Greek orator prepared an oration to be delivered in court in behalf of a client whose cause needed much bolstering. "What think you of it?" he asked, his client having read the written speech. The latter replied: "When first I read it I thought it perfect; I did not see how it could be improved, nor how the judges could withstand it. But I read it again and noted two or three weak points, which before had escaped my notice. I gave it a third reading, and then found it full of faults, and I now have very little hope of winning the case." "My friend," quoth the orator, "the judges will not read the speech; they will only hear it, and they will only hear it once."

The poet, absent from, cannot impress his audience by personal qualities, by physical means. He conquers, if at all, by sheer force of intellectual and spiritual might. But his victories, if harder to win, are all the more glorious and enduring. "Of all writers, says Washington Irving, "he has the best chance for immortality. Others may write from the head, but he writes from the heart, and the heart will always understand him."

It was a wise man who said: "Let me write the ballads of a people, and I care not who makes their laws." Luther's enemies charged that his hymns did more to convert the country to his doctrines than his preaching.

Apropos of this mention, and giving the subject a local setting, what know we of the oratory of such men as Parley P. Pratt and William W. Phelps?—the former the greatest "Mormon" preacher of his time, the latter also an able expounder of the gospel. Some of their sermons and prose writings remain, but they are seldom if ever referred to now. Only the generation that heard those men, and which has almost passed away, can tell us aught of their abilities as orators. It is in their poetry that they live—in the songs composed

by them and sung by the Saints at the evening fireside or in general assemblies where they meet to worship God.

William Clayton and Charles W. Penrose are also notable examples in this connection. Both were excellent speakers and writers, especially the latter—the readiest tongue and pen in the Church—and both were prominent in the public affairs of the community. They will be long remembered, of course, for their prominence and their usefulness. History has recorded their names and incidents connected therewith; and their sermons and writings are preserved in the archives of the Church.

But there will come a time and a generation that may have no occasion to consult those archives, and that will not be under the spell of those speakers. The future will know them best by the hymns that they wrote, those sacred songs that never grow old, are never out of date, and are not consigned to musty archives; songs that are sung Sabbath after Sabbath, thrilling and comforting the hearts of thousands, and destined to go on thrilling and comforting thousands upon thousands, perhaps millions, down to the End of Time.

Such songs as "The Morning Breaks," "An Angel from on High," "The Spirit of God Like a Fire is Burning," "O Say What is Truth," "Come, Come ye Saints," "O My Father," "Praise to the Man," "O Ye Mountains High," and many others equally worthy—what can compare with them in power and influence for good? Nothing short of divine revelation, or some striking utterance from the lips of High Authority. No other prose production can hope to outlive them, or even equal them in longevity.

The great orations of antiquity are valuable, in that they preserve to us the form of those masterpieces, and in part the historical happenings that called them forth. But great poems, wherever and whenever produced, speak to the heart and influence the conduct of mankind. Their authors are indeed "the dead but sceptered sovereigns who yet rule our spirits from their urns."

I repeat: The triumphs of oratory are the triumphs of Time, the victories of the present, the advantages of the passing moment. The poet cannot expect such speedy results—unless he be a commercial "poet," advertising a new brand of pickles; or a political "poet," dashing off doggerel for the next campaign. Some "poets" get "a heap-o'-livin' " out of "poetry;" others get almost none.

Byron awoke one morning to find himself famous; but that is not a frequent happening with poets. Wordsworth awoke many a morning to find himself still unknown and unappreciated. He waited a long while for the world's tardy recognition of his sublime poetic gift. The manuscript of Milton's immortal masterpiece sold for a song, and the mighty epic was thought little of during its author's lifetime. Shakespeare's genius was not fully recognized until two

centuries after his death; and even then it was a foreign nation—Germany—that discovered him.

"Seven cities claimed the birth of Homer dead,
Through which the living Homer begged for bread."

And yet, are not these the men who really live, and cause others to live who, but for them, would be forgotten, buried in oblivion? When poets were the only historians, where there was no poet, men's names perished from the earth.

"Vain was the chief's, the sage's pride!
They had no poet, and they died.
In vain they schemed, in vain they bled!
They had no poet and are dead."

Paraphasing Pope's line, might we not say of some verse makers, They were not poets, and are dead? If poets die—if their names and poems perish, it is because they were not poetic enough to live. If they survive, it is because of the poetry in which their memories are imperishably embalmed.

See to it, my orator, that what you utter is poetry. See that you think musically and speak harmoniously; that what you think and say is in tune with the divine melody of truth and love, ever pleading with the great heart of humanity, prompting and drawing it unto higher and holier ends. Utter things worthy to be remembered long after the shouts of the shallow multitudes that flattered you with their empty plaudits, are lost in oblivion. Be a poet as well as an orator. It is your surest passport to perpetual fame.

Our Martyrs

Every town and city has them,
Many families, too, I find—
Men and women, worn and broken
Both in body and in mind.
Carrying other people's burdens,
Worrying over other's woes.
Hurt by unjust criticism;
What they suffer no one knows.

Oh, that all would do their duty,
And that each would bear his share;
None would then be overloaded,
None be burdened down with care.
But be patient, O ye weary,
Struggle on, nor cease to pray.
If you carry other's burdens,
You will surely draw the pay.

Shelley, Idaho. JOSEPH H. DEAN.

IS REASON SUFFICIENT?

By Elder James E. Talmage, President of the British and European Missions

The incident of Peter's inspired and fervent declaration—that Jesus of Nazareth was in solemn truth "the Christ, the Son of the living God"—finds frequent place in sermon, song, or printed discourse. All the better that we know the circumstances well; we should thereby be the better able to comprehend the lesson now to be considered. Let us remember that our Lord first asked the Twelve as to what were the common rumors concerning his identity; and that then, with deep solemnity, and as a soul-searching test for which the Twelve had been in unconscious preparation through many months of close and privileged companionship with the Lord, he asked of them in summoning forcefulness: "But whom say ye that I am?" Then, answering for all, but more particularly testifying as to his personal conviction, Peter voiced the great confession: "Thou are the Christ, the Son of the living God."

This was no avowal of mere belief, no announcement of a result at which the man had arrived by mental process; no solution of a problem laboriously worked out; no verdict based on the weighing of evidence. Peter spoke in the sure knowledge that knows no question, and from which all doubt and reservation are as far removed as is the sky from the earth.

There are problems, vital problems, pertaining to human existence and destiny, for the solution of which the mind of man is confessedly inadequate. And of these seemingly insoluble difficulties many are solved in the heart, while the mind remains impotent. Who dares aver that he believes nothing, accepts nothing as real and true, save only what he can demonstrate by his mental powers? Where is the chemist who can explain, even to his own satisfaction, the subtle transmutation of the acid juice in an immature peach into the nectar of the ripened fruit? Who can tell how the sun's warm kiss can bring out from the dull unripe skin the rainbow hues of the fruit in perfection?

Physiologists know but little of the way by which the well masticated food is converted into chyme within the stomach, and this into chyle in the further recesses of the alimentary tract; they tell us that the prepared chyle is taken up by myriads of absorbing lacteals, and by them poured into the pulsing blood-current, and that from this red river of life each tissue of the body selects, with nicest and unfailing discrimination, the particular aliment required for its own maintenance. Yet who has learned how the latent energy of the food so assimilated is liberated and made potent—manifested perchance in the driving hammer-stroke, in the strong hand on the plow, in the swing of the

scythe, in the brain-force of the mathematician, the mechanic, the statesman, in the inspired thoughts of the poet, or in voicing the revealed truths given of God through the prophets?

We make reason unreasonable when we say, we will have to do with nothing that reason can not circumscribe and demonstrate. Notwithstanding it be by his mental attributes that man is chiefly distinguished from the animal, mind and reason should know their own limitations. They are far from comprising all that is .

If the Atonement by Jesus Christ were available only to those who, by their own powers, can reason out its full purpose, operation and extent, not a soul would be saved thereby. The intellect is to be exercised to the full in the study of the things of God; but beyond all possible assurances that the mind can give is the convincing, convicting, soul-satisfying wisdom that comes as a gift from heaven to the humble, contrite seeker after truth. Mind may be cultivated at the expense of soul.

The student for whom there is least hope is he who believes that he already knows all that he is sent to learn. Contrition, humility, willingness to receive, these are primal conditions requisite to the divine gift of a testimony of the gospel. Men's knowledge must go the way of their wealth—both secondary to the saving wisdom that God alone can impart.

The learned Apostle, Paul, drew a forceful distinction between the mind's knowledge and the soul's wisdom, thus:

"And I, brethren, when I came to you, came not with excellency of speech or of wisdom, declaring unto you the testimony of God.

"For I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified.

"And I was with you in weakness, and in fear, and in trembling.

"And my speech and my preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power:

"That your faith should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God."—1 Cor. 2:1-5.

The ancient prophet Jacob bewailed and denounced the enthroning of mind above heart, of human precept as superior to divine command:

"When they are learned they think they are wise, and they hearken not unto the counsel of God, for they set it aside, supposing they know of themselves, wherefore, their wisdom is foolishness, and it profiteth them not. And they shall perish."—Book of Mormon, 2 Nephi, 9:28.

The experience of past ignorance prompts one to be careful, prudent and thoughtful before undertaking to proclaim that human reason is ample to cope with the great problems of existence. Well directed exercise of the human mind may give man knowledge; but to insure to its possessor wisdom, the mind must cooperate with that faculty or attribute, which, because of our certain knowledge of its existence coupled with our ignorance of its operation, we call *the heart*.

Youth

"Rejoice, O young man in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth; and walk in the ways of thy heart, and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment."—Eccles. 11:9.

Rejoice! rejoice! for you are young and strong
And life is beautiful as flowers in May.
It seems to you that you will linger long,
To quaff the pleasures of the perfect day.
The lures of life are calling you away
From cares that foster sorrow and distress.
The laughing loves desire to romp and play,
And soft, white arms will tenderly caress
And cheer you with the charms that captivate and bless.

Thy heart has cherished many fond desires.
Now walk in all the ways that they suggest.
Let passion flame your heart with fiercer fires,
For you are young and youth must have the best.
When pleasure calls you, she will be a guest
That lingers longer in the sylvan glade,
The bluebird happiness will build her nest
In leafy branches of the forest shade—
Enjoy the goods of life that Providence has made.

And walk today in visions of thine eyes,
Not in the shadows that are dark and drear,
When beauty beckons, will you fail to prize
The sense of sight that makes her presence dear?
Seek perfect love, for she will conquer fear,
And boldly follow when admiring sight
Reveals attractions that are far and near.
Advance towards the golden gates of light,
For that which seemeth good is beautiful and bright.

Rejoice, O young man, in thy days of youth,
And let thy heart cheer thee in golden days!
And let thine eyes be torches of the truth,
That you might win the Hebrew Prophet's praise.
Thy heart's desires, that which attracts the gaze
Of admiration, are to be thy guide.
If they shall lure thee into pleasant ways,
Along the highway that is smooth and wide,
Be happy as the birds, for Beauty is thy bride.

But know thou God will bring thee into judgment
For all you think and feel and say and do,
And Nature, too, will soon disclose the content,
To find if you are ringing false or true.
When fields are green and skies are clear and blue
And youth has been exalted to a throne,
The old is changed again into the new,
And ruthless Justice comes to claim his own,
For whirlwinds must be reaped, if tempests have been sown.

Provo, Utah. ALFRED OSMOND

CHIEF ROBINSON'S DREAM

By Wreno Bowers

This is a true story of an Indian Chief, Sam Robinson, and his daughter, Jennie Robinson. The story was told to me one day by my uncle, William Gines, who for eighteen years lived among the Indians and became a mutual friend of Chief Robinson. The story was not only very interesting, but it taught me many of the Indian's customs, their ways of living, their superstitions and beliefs. So I have written it down for you, friend readers, in the same way that it was told to me as nearly as I could remember it.

It was a rainy afternoon in early August. A heavy rain poured down from a leaden sky and the wind drove it in sheets along the ground. The hills, trees and meadows were drenching wet and the water stood in pools and puddles along the roadside and in the barnyard. Every few moments a flash of lightning came and a deep peal of thunder went rolling down the heavens and lost itself in the distance.

I was sitting by the window watching the storm and wondering if my cattle would break the pasture fence and do damage to my neighbor's grain-field in an attempt to reach shelter. My pasture was located by the river a quarter of a mile down the valley. On the opposite side of the river, in an adjoining field, Chief Sam Robinson and his band of Indians were camped.

Presently the rain ceased and I mounted my saddle-horse and galloped down to the pasture. I found the cattle in good keeping and was riding along inspecting the fence when a faint moan came sighing through the branches of the trees that grew along the river's bank. Then I felt the spattering of a few big raindrops that fell upon my hat and shoulders. Spurring my horse to a gallop I started back toward the house. Then a sudden flash, followed by a furious blast, keen and sharp, sang through the trees. When the thunder rolled away and lost itself in sullen rumblings in the distance the cries of Indians came to my ears. Reining my horse toward the Indian camp I spurred him to a quick run. We had to swim the river in order to reach the camp, but the horse was a good swimmer and only checked himself to a gallop before plunging into the water. We were only half way across when Chief Robinson appeared on the opposite shore.

"It's Jennie—my Jennie!" he cried.

Directly the horse reached the bank and I dismounted. The Chief led me toward a tent, sitting under a large cottonwood tree, some distance from where the other Indians had assembled and were talking in their own language.

"Jennie—in there—dead," said the Chief, pointing toward the tent.

Jennie, who had just passed her eighteenth birthday, had been sitting in her tent when the lightning struck the big tree right over her head and killed her almost instantly. But neither Chief Robinson nor any of the other Indians would go into the tent. They are very superstitious and for no consideration whatever will they enter a tent where a dead Indian is lying. If the body is left for them to remove they will pull the tent down and shake the corpse out.

I went to the tent and raised the flap while the Chief stood at a distance and looked on. The girl was lying on her bed as natural as if sleeping. (The bed consisted of three bright-colored blankets spread upon the ground.) I rolled her up in the blankets and pegged the tent down to prevent the coyotes and wild cats from getting at the body. Then the Indians moved their camp a few miles up the river, leaving the girl alone.

It continued to rain the remainder of the evening and far into the night. But when the dawn came the storm was gone. A few gray clouds floated lazily across the sky, but the sun shone bright and warm. A little after sun up the Chief came to my house. For a long time he would not talk; just sat on his horse with his head drooped. Then, finally, he spoke: "I like my girl buried like white girl," he said. "What you think?"

"Alright, Sam," I told him, "I'll make all arrangements."

The Indian grunted, which meant, "Alright," and rode away.

Now the regular custom of Indian burial is very different from that of the white people. To get a clear conception of the Indian's funeral ceremonies we should know something about their belief on eternal life. Without reasoning or arguing or even thinking about it, the Indian accepts personal survival after death as a fact as simply obvious as the fact of life itself. When he dies he goes, or rather his spirit goes, to The Happy Hunting Ground—the Indian's Paradise. He knows it as well as any person can know anything. That is why they kill his best horse to go with him, and put his weapons and some food and blankets in his grave for him. These are to supply his needs until he reaches his friends in The Happy Hunting Grounds.

They always dig their graves beneath a large cedar or other tree; never in the open. The tree affords shelter for the grave and is used in the killing of the dead Indian's horse. No coffin is used; the body is wrapped in blankets and placed in the grave which is usually four or five feet deep. Then the Indian's saddle, weapons, some fish or venison and usually a bag of Indian corn is placed beside the body. The grave is then covered with cedar poles placed compactly together and the cracks stuffed with cedar bark. No dirt is used in covering the grave. Then the horse that is to go to his master in The Happy

Hunting Grounds is led to the grave. One end of a long rope is tied about his neck and a slip-knot placed around his jaws, just above the nostrils. The other end is run through the forks of a high branch in the cedar and tied to the saddle horn of another horse. This leaves forty or fifty feet of slack rope between the two horses. When all is ready the saddle horse is put to a quick run and when the rope suddenly becomes tight the deceased Indian's horse is jerked from his feet and his neck broken. This is done to prevent the horse from bleeding. If any method of killing were used that would cause a loss of blood, the Indians believe that the horse would be weak and worthless in The Happy Hunting Grounds.

But Chief Robinson had decided to abandon the old Indian custom and have his daughter buried like a white woman. A rough coffin was made for her and a grave dug in the cemetery. After she had been taken from her tent and laid in her coffin the Indians kindled a big fire beneath the tree where she had been killed. Then her clothes, blankets, beads, everything that belonged to her, except her horse, was brought to the fire. One piece after another was cast into the flames and destroyed. She had all kinds of beautiful bead work, blankets, robes and moccasins. The last to come were three little kittens—Jennie's favorite pets. One by one the Chief threw them into the fire. A sharp cry of pain as they entered the crackling blaze and that was all! Nothing escaped the fire except her horse, which the Chief kept for himself.

So Jennie was buried in a coffin, in the cemetery, under six feet of dirt. A profusion of flowers were strewn upon her grave and the Chief looked on and smiled.

After the funeral everything went along as usual for about a week, then one day the Chief came to me. His face was sad and I could see that he was worried.

"What's the matter, Sam?" I asked him.

For a moment he sat upon his horse, motionless, his head drooped. Then he spoke: "Las' night," he said, "I have dream. I see my Jennie. She long, long way behind. She sit on big rock—she tired—her feet bleed—she cry. I go to her. She say to me, 'Pa, you stole my horse'."

The old man's head was still drooped and a tear rolled down his dusky cheek.

"What I do?" he asked, presently.

"Give Jennie her horse," I told him.

And the following morning three poles were raised over Jennie's grave and her horse was killed—the same way that all deceased Indian's horses are killed—and sent to her in The Happy Hunting Grounds. Again Chief Robinson looked on the scene and smiled: "My Jennie—she don' have walk any more—she got her horse now."

Park City, Utah.

ICELANDERS IN UTAH

By E. H. Johnson

A Contribution to the History of the Icelandic Pioneers of the West

(From the Icelandic by J. M. Sjodahl)

[*Translator's Note:* It is seventy years, this year, since the first Icelanders, Samuel Bjarnason, his wife Margret Gisladottir, and another lady, Helga, who later was married to Thord Didriksson, came as immigrants to Utah. It is, therefore, thought timely to recall that incident of the history of our Church and State, and an effort has been made to tell the story as nearly as can be done in a translation, in the words of an Icelandic chronicler, himself.

To the entire world of letters, and particularly to the Anglo-Saxon and Teutonic-Scandinavian families of nations, Iceland is one of the most interesting spots on the earth. The island was settled by liberty-loving men and women, who took up their victorious battle for independence at a time when darkness covered the earth. There poets and writers were born. There scholars, explorers and colonists saw the light of day. To these Icelanders the world owes a great deal of its knowledge concerning the history of Europe, and many languages, including the English, are, as it were, constructed upon the old Icelandic as upon one of the main foundation stones.

The Icelanders in Utah have been doing fairly well. They are few, but good citizens, and their children are coming to the front in educational and other activities of the State.—*J. M. S.*]

Settlement stories often begin by the writer first exhibiting the habits of the country where the story originates. This is especially necessary when the question is of settlement in deserts where nobody has taken up his homestead before the story begins .

The sagas or little stories, which here follow, are somewhat of an exception, for it is not a fact that Utah was without settlers everywhere even before the first Icelanders came here. Utah was, as is known, scantily settled, that is to say by white men, for it was in the year 1847 that companies of white men, under the leadership of Brigham Young, came and established themselves. Utah was already then inhabited by Indians, and they considered the land their property, and they opposed colonization by those white men ("pale faces," as they called them), and were, till about 1860, very warlike in their strongholds. But* now it is over sixty years since Utah was first settled, and the report is known among all people, and thus I need not for the sake of those who read this almanak repeat the story in these chapters.

The Icelandic story begins in the early years of the Territory of Utah, and that is why it sometimes goes into the realm of sagas, and particularly so regarding their deeds in the conflicts with Indians and

*The "Almanak" in which the article appeared was published in 1915.

in the part they took in breaking up and making a beautiful and flourishing country out of a desert.

The beginning of our story here is, then, that about the year 1850. [1851] there were two Icelanders in Copenhagen, to learn a trade. Their names were Thorarinn Haflidason and Gudmund Gudmundson. Both had their home in the Vestmannaey, and were, in all probability, born there, or in the Landey. Which is the more correct, I do not know, but it is sure that they were in Copenhagen about this time and received there that faith which is called "Mormonism," and for which Utah now-a-days is most famous. Nor do I know how long these men remained in Copenhagen, but Magnus Bjarnason (who is mentioned hereafter) mentions them in his biography and says that it was about this time, and that Thorarinn was the first Icelander to accept the Mormon faith, wherefore he is correctly called the father of those among the Icelanders who have that faith. This happened, Magnus, says, in the year 1851. Gudmund Gudmundson, a goldsmith, and Thorarinn's companion, who afterwards moved to Utah, was the next one, and they made themselves ready to go home to their native place, and there they offered the new faith to their friends and relatives in the island. This, at first, was uphill work, but by and by there was a change and the countrymen began to move to Utah.

Two or three prominent men on the island at once accepted this faith, and from this flock came the men who were the first Icelanders to move to Utah.

Thorarinn, who has been mentioned previously, was drowned near the Vestmannaey in 1852, and is, therefore out of the story. But Gudmund, his companion, continued preaching the gospel together with a Danishman, who came to the island about this time and remained there for a while.

It was in the year 1855 that the first Icelanders emigrated to Utah. He who arranged for the journey was Samuel [Bjarnason] who had his last home in Kirkjubae i the Vestmannaey. His father was Bjarni Jonsson who for some time was a farmer in Kviholum, near Eyjafjoellum. But the wife of Samuel was Margret Gisladottir, (daughter) of a farmer in Gordum in the Vestmannaey, the son of Andresson i Graenuborg i Fljotshlid. Samuel, Margret, his wife, and another lady, whose name was Helga, and who later became the wife of Thord Didriksson, were the first Icelanders, who came to Utah. That was in the spring of 1856. Samuel took up land, 160 acres, or even more, and had here their home for thirty-four years. He died in 1890; but his widow is still alive, and is now 88 years of age.*

The same year, or 1856. Thord Didriksson came out and settled in Spanish Fork. Thord was the brother of Arne in Stakkargerdi, Vestmannaey, whom many know, but son of Didrik, a farmer

*The "Almanak" was published in 1915.

in Holmin in Eastern Landey; his ancestors being Jonsson from Oenundarstoed, Didriksson in Midey, Bjarnason in Oenundarstoed, Gislason in Skumstoed, Bardarson, a lawyer in Vatnsdal, Didriksson, Thorsteinsson, Jonsson, a priest who was slain by Turks in the Vestmannaey in 1627; Eiriksson, a pastor in Skalholt in 1520, then in Gilsbakka in 1527, and lastly in Reykholt in 1547-1563; Jonsson.*

The wife of Thord was Helga, she who is mentioned here before, daughter of Jons Halfdanarson, farmer i Klasbarda in the Ut-Landey in Rangarvallasyslu.

Thord took up land and had a good home for nearly forty years. He was clever, and a poet of the better kind, likewise a good worker, very attractive in appearance and beloved as long as he lived. This couple has now both been dead for some years.

This same year, Gudmund Gudmundson, the goldsmith, probably arrived in Utah. He settled in a town that is called Lehi, and there he resided as long as he lived. He had a Danish wife, and they had three sons, who, however, had little or nothing in common with the Icelanders.

In the year 1857, Loftur Jonsson came here. The father of Jon was Arnason, born on the Landey. Loft took up land here, and was considered one of the best farmers as long as he lived. His first wife was Gudrun Halldorsdottir, the widow of Jon Oddsson, a farmer in Thorlangargerdi in the Vestmannaey, who was drowned near the islands about the year 1834. Gudrun was born at Skeidun. His last wife was Haldora, daughter of Arna, a farmer in Undirhrauni in Medalland, son of Arngrim in Hrounbae in Alftaveri, son of Arnsson, manager of a poor-district, (hreppstjora) Botnum, in Medelland. Loft was a most honorable man, and the best workman in both wood and iron. He died of an accident in Spanish Fork, in 1874.

The same year, Jon Jonsson, (son of) Oddsson from Thorlangargerdi in the Vestmannaey, came here. He was a stepson of Loft and therefore accompanied him. Jon took up land here and has since lived here and done well, so far. His wife was Anna Gudlaugsdottir, from Ketilstoedum in Myrdal, son of Eyjolf in Mortungu, son of Thorarin in Seljaland, east of Sidu. Jon and Anna are yet alive, he 77 and she 75 years of age.

Further, in company with Loft was Magnus Bjarnason, born August 3, 1815, and dead in 1904, 89 years of age. He was a son of "Prestmaga Bjarna," who got that name because, in his younger days he had children with two daughters of clergymen. This was before he married the mother of Magnus. The wife of Magnus was Thurid, daughter of Magnus, a farmer in Brekku, in the Landey She died Feb. 1, 1891. Magnus took up land, and his dwelling was

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**Genealogy of Thord Didriksson, after B. Gudmundsson i Sudurnesjum, written 1876.—*E H. J.*

planned on a small scale. He was a most honest and honorable man.

With Loft came also Vigdis Bjarnsdottir, daughter of Bjarna, farmer in Landi, son of Gislarson, born in the Landey. This Vidgis did not come to Spanish Fork before 1859. She was married in 1860 to a widower, whose name was Holt, and lived with him in prosperity for thirty years. She has been, and is yet, when this is being written, keeping house here in the city, although she is now 87 years of age and has been a widow for twenty-two years. I have her here in the pioneer story, first because she came here with the first, and secondly because she has been among us, as the wife of Unnar the Deepey or Oloef the Rich, that is to say, a most excellent and honorable lady. She was the midwife in the city and vicinity for many years, and was successful. She also practiced as a doctor and healed many, particularly when people in these parts lived by stock-raising, and doctors were not as plentiful as they are now. Mrs. Holt is now (1911) very weak, having lost her eyesight and hearing, and is therefore very decrepit.

Now I have enumerated all those who came here before 1860, and therefore may properly be called pioneers, and thus this part of our story ends.

FLOWERS AND EULOGIES

By H. M. Monson

Flowers and eulogies! I did not have the pleasure of his acquaintance in life, but what I see and hear leave no room for doubting his worthiness. His integrity was monumental. The honesty and high purpose of his life were unquestionable. No stain of dishonor—no fault! This final page of his book of life shows no sign of anything but a perfect record throughout.

Was it a perfect life that has just come to so glorious a close? Had he no fault—no failing? Ah, yes, for else he were not human. But why remember his faults now? Aye, why have they ever been remembered.

Was he loved and honored and eulogized in life as he is now in death? Did the perfume of flowers make life's incense sweet? How grand and beautiful if this were true! The approval of friends must have given him courage to live through the world's bitter strife. His senses must have brought sweet messages of love to his soul, excluding the ugly and odious. Alas, that those senses cannot now receive the wealth of sweetness and love that is here offered! But it is too late. Flowers and eulogies are wasted now, for his record of life is done.

He had his faults as we all have our faults. No doubt they oppressed him and caused him deep sorrow. He struggled against the evil influences of the world, but who knew of that struggle or of its

extent? Did anyone come to him with encouragement and comforting words then? Was the stench of evil driven from his nostrils by the sweet fragrance of the flowers of love? Or did he who saw the fault add force to its crushing power by bitter criticism and condemnation? O the tragedy of the struggling soul! Who can know its secret? The time for flowers and eulogies is while man lives. They are wasted when he is dead.

How eager to do the last touch of kindness now! We handle the cold, lifeless and unfeeling clay reverently and tenderly, scarcely breathing or moving a muscle that would offend if that clay were alive —not leaving the slightest act undone that would add to the comfort of the departed one. Was it always so in life? Were his wishes and comforts so tenderly considered then? The sting of unkind words and of disobedient acts could be felt then. The sweetest tenderness is useless now.

Some would say that, being a man, he should be brave in attacking life's problems—that he should learn to stand alone—to live without sympathy. Yes, that is the way we usually look at it. And men go on, too proud and too brave to complain under the galling and hardening influence of a cold and unappreciative world. We have condemned man for his hardness and it is we that have made him hard.

The few poor virtues which we remember so tenderly now, exalt him to a throne. But who knows of his struggles that have failed? If he is entitled to a crown, it is because he has borne his cross alone, too often made heavier by the condemnation of those to whom he looked for consolation. He is no more worthy of our tenderness and love when life is done than he was when its burdens were crushing him to the earth. It would have helped him then. It is wasted now.

Ogden, Utah.

June Time

June time, and joy time, and sights of myriad bloom!
June time, and free time, and breaths of rare perfume!
Sky calls, and mate calls, and hearts a'thrill with bliss!
Of universe above, below, I ask no more than this.

June time, and soul time, and days a'throb with life!
June time, and love time, no place for care or strife.
Blue skies, and heart balm, and laden all the air
With gentle sounds of whispering things—their music sweetly rare

June time, and prayer time, with full hearts running o'er.
June time, and dream time, what could I wish for more?
Sunshine, and bird song, and life a'pulse with rhythm!
My trysting place, or here, or there, a gloried bit o'heaven.

Tridell, Utah MRS. ALICE MORRILL

GATHERING FEATHERS

By Samuel Fletcher

Being a stranger in that city, and being interested in people, I went to the central park to see the sights. In such a place one may sit by the hour and watch the sights walk by. (This statement is by no means original, but why worry about that?)

I seated myself on a bench under a beautiful white birch that was just bursting into leaf, and looked about me. I am not deeply romantic, but, somehow, in the early springtime things appear much better than they really are. The grass looks fresher and greener than at other times; the sky looks bluer; the breezes feel more caressing; laughter sounds merrier; men, out of work, less despondent. I thought to myself, if ever I write a tragedy I shall have the events take place at some other season than in the spring of the year.

"Jack, my boy," said a voice at my side. I turned about with a start. A well-dressed old man was gazing down at me. His hair was like the white fog that clings to the side of a mountain. His face was wrinkled and worn and worried.

"Jack, my boy," he repeated, "give me some more feathers."

"Why," I stupidly replied, "I have no feathers. Besides, my name isn't Jack. You've made a mis—."

"Jack," he interrupted, putting his hand gently on my shoulder, "you and your sister should help your mother to gather feathers. My boy, save your feathers; save your feathers!"

His hand clasped tightly on my collar. Somewhat bewildered, I tried to think of something to do or say, for it dawned upon me that this old man was mentally sick. I glanced sidewise to see how far away was my nearest help. I must confess that it was with a feeling of relief that I noticed a man hurrying to my assistance.

"For shame, Mr. Wills," said the man. "You promised not to go away."

The old man dropped his hand from my shoulder and walked slowly away, shaking his head. The younger man turned to me.

"I hope he didn't annoy you," he said, "but Mr. Wills is generally well-behaved, so we often let him walk about the grounds of the Sanitarium. The Sanitarium, you may know, is only a couple of blocks from here. We apologize for not keeping a closer watch."

"Not at all," I replied, "I'm glad to have met Mr. Wills—*have* met, understand. Do you know, the poor old fellow mistook me for his son, Jack."

"Yes, he often mistakes strangers that way, especially if they happen to be young. You're a stranger, I take it?"

I admitted that I was.

"This boy, Jack," he went on, "ran away to sea. It seems strange that the old man should think so much about him now. He never seemed to take much interest in the boy before he left. Nor the girl either, for that matter. He had a daughter, too, you may know. She went away about the same time as her brother. Found work somewhere, I think.

"The trouble with Mr. Wills was that he didn't have time for anything but making money. I hardly think he had a friend except the cold dollar. His wife grew to be like that, too, they say. The children grew up to make money but never to spend it. Not that I believe in loose spending; but kids need homes, and it takes a lot of love in a house to make it a home.

"Well, after the youngsters were gone, Mrs. Wills didn't last long. You wouldn't have thought it, but, somehow, it just took the life right out of her. The day after she was laid away, we found Mr. Wills here in the park, looking for his son, Jack.

"When he was taken into court and officers were sent to search his house, what do you think they found? Over forty thousand dollars hidden away!"

I thanked him for telling me that unusual story.

"Just one thing further, I would like explained," I added. "Why did he beg me for feathers?"

"As near as I can tell it's like this: Mr. Wills had a favorite saying. Whenever anyone would approach him and ask for anything for the poor, or for a donation for a church, or for any other charitable purpose, he would always answer, 'Sorry, but I can't afford it. I must feather my own nest first'."

Preston, Idaho.

Recipe for a Wedding Cake

BY MRS. GRACE WHARTON MONTAIGNE

Take two heaping measures of love and mix together in a common purpose; sweeten with two full hearts; sprinkle in a few little ones according to taste; for a rich ruddy color, break in the yolks of two purses, but do not make too rich, as by doing so it crumbs and separates too easily; do not season with fragrance of cloves.

Stir the batter thoroughly until it is even all through. It should be stiff enough to withstand the slaps of poverty, and dents left by sorrow should slowly close.

Place before a genial hearth to rise: bake in a moderate oven of even warmth, avoiding all excess of heat. Do not use icing or frosting.

Serve in the home on all occasions. Avoid serving with tongue or cold shoulder.

The quantities given are sufficient for one household.

Delta, Utah.

"WHAT SHALL A MAN GIVE IN EXCHANGE FOR HIS SOUL?"

By A. C. Lambert

The ultimate fact of my existence is that I do exist; I am alive. Descartes, the philosopher, attempted to discover the reality of life by a process of elimination. After deciding that all was possibly unreal that could be doubted, he came finally to this point, "I cannot doubt that I doubt; therefore, I am." On this ultimate fact of existence one may take a bearing that will help to determine the meaning of life and of the struggle to preserve life. The fact of my own existence and of the innate desirability of living, is the fact which I can not escape as I seek to know the value of my soul. If self and self-existence is not, I am not, and for me nothing is.

Now Jesus taught the reality and the validity of the individual self or person, and the aim of the religious life, as he gave it, is to conserve the individual soul and its highest values. Truly, the worth of souls is great in his sight. "There were ninety and nine that safely lay in the shelter of the fold," but it was for the *one*, even the weakest one of them all, for which the Shepherd was most anxious.

Religion affirms the soul, the thinking self. Science does not disprove it. For how can science disprove that by which it makes its proof? By reason of the self alone does science come into existence. Without the basic knowing, appreciating, free-acting self there is no meaning in existence. The teachings of Jesus center in the ultimate reality and value of the individual soul.

How may one measure the value of his soul? And how shall he make sure that he shall preserve his soul and not lose it?

The ultimate source of values is this fact of life, and the final measure of living is the achievement of values. One is the measure of the other. No values exist apart from life, and only life makes values. The final ground of values is within the self.

Now the desire for life may have come from God, but that does not by the least measure lessen the importance of the desire for life as the final measure of truth and value. Values are cast finally in terms of what human life fundamentally demands. If one prefers to relate the standard to the will of God, the statement then is that the ultimate justification of values is an analysis of what God has found to be fundamentally demanded by human life for its completion and happiness. The one primary reason that we find for living is the fact that we find life desirable, or that it is a necessary condition to a future life which is in turn desirable.

"Skin for skin. yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life."

even though spoken by the adversary states a truth. Do you say that there are some things dearer and more precious than life? What is it that makes them more precious? If it is, then, that you sacrifice life itself, it is ultimately that the sacrifice is to bring you fuller life hereafter, or it is that others may continue in life, or experience a fuller life. The measuring stick finally is life.

What then can be the real meaning of my living and what can be the real means by which I can preserve this most precious thing called life and its fulness? The conditions are made manifest by the very conditions of actual present living.

I find myself in a world in which the existence of other persons is one of my most important facts. Next to the fact of my own existence I can not escape this other fact. Other persons do exist, and what is of more importance, *I must live with them.* I live fully only because of them. I find most of my own life in the responses that I make to the infinite aspects of the lives of others. As a consequence the measure of the fulness of my own life is the total fulness of the lives of all other persons with whom I come in contact. I need the fulness of other lives in order to have fulness for my own life.

Jesus gave the key to fulness of life and the salvation of the individual soul in fourteen recorded words, "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." Jesus revealed the nature of God when he said, "I am come that ye might have life, and that ye might have it more abundantly." Jesus revealed the means to this fulness by his life.

Jesus taught that the true soul, the true self, the full life of the individual is preserved and realized only in so far as the individual recognizes that he is dependent for fulness of his own life upon the full life of his brother, and shapes his conduct accordingly. Only as my brother's life increases in fulness is there provided a means for the attainment of fulness of my own life. My ultimate interest, therefore, lies in the preservation and enrichment of my brother's life just as truly as it does in the attempted preservation of my own life, knowing as we do that life always means more than mere physical organic activity. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thy self," is a statement not only profound but prophetic in its meaning.

How is this related to the basic human want of preserving the life of the soul? The relation and the meaning are found in the fact of the ultimate social nature of human living. It has an application in the satisfying of all our wants. It would seem that in our anxiety to preserve life, to save our "souls," we are pitifully shortsighted, or we are ridiculously ostrich-like in refusing to see the means of soul-preservation within our present grasp. Perhaps it is that we childishly forget that to achieve life's greatest values, we must often deny ourselves its gaudiest.

Our daily activity would indicate that we hope to find our treasure by following the rainbows of living. The present is ever so near and so obvious, the material is so tangible to sense, that we fear to forsake the immediate "here" and "now" because of the great fear that in so doing we shall not find other things in their stead. The flesh urges. Its gratifications are immediate. We eat unto death; we drink unto damnation. We are clothed in exceeding great glory; our vanity is like unto a high mountain. We fight like brutes for material wealth. We seek to accumulate, not with the intent of using our superior talent and power and wealth to make more richness, more fulness, more feeling, more beauty, more sympathy in life for others less capable or fortunate than we, but it is too often true that we seek to excell that self shall be preserved. And what a self—palate, stomach, eye, ear, skin, greed, sex!

"Self-preservation is the first law," is the offered defense. I grant you this freely if you will but let me define self. "'Tis a short, short life we live here." How much greater then the need for living to the possibilities of the soul. Do you hunger and thirst for life? It is yours in abundance if you will but take it. Like the woman afflicted, you may receive virtue from life if you will but stretch forth your hand and touch—what? The life of your neighbor. "He will not receive me; he misunderstands my advances." What an indictment of a civilization that it should breed such a consuming suspicion.

Where can a change be made? Like charity, the work can begin only at my own fireside, at my own desk. It is my job, it is your job. No one may exercise the high privilege of leading his brother who has not himself first seen the vision.

The preservation of life *is* the basic want. It is the ultimate value. But the true and full life can only be created and preserved as it becomes a life for the good of all. He that would use his talent only for himself hides it in the deep earth and fears that he shall lose it. Life mocks him; ultimately he does lose it. He fails to live life that he could have lived had he put his talent to work, for his brother as well as for himself. As his brother's life would have been made fuller, so also would his own life have increased. It is the ultimate law of life.

My own existence is my most important fact. The social nature of my existence is a fact of equal importance. The life of my soul is my greatest treasure. How, in these constant contacts with other souls, shall I be able to preserve my own soul? What will I not give to preserve my life? What do I possess that I can give in exchange for the preservation of my soul?

I think I find from the life of Jesus an answer. The worth of your soul is great. The measure of your soul is richness and nobility of personality. Now, value for value is the measure of justice, and

therefore, great must be the value of that which you must give for your soul. It is much that you require; it is much that you must give. The only place of exchange in which you will find this great worth is in life itself, in living—living deeply and fully, forgetting self, in social relationships. Would you try to save that with which you begin—the gift of life—and not use it for others for fear of losing it, then will you surely lose. If you would save it, you must use it. Value for value; soul for soul. If you would save your soul you must give it. If you would find your life, you must lose it—in service. "For he that seeketh to save his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life shall find it." That which a man shall give in exchange for his soul is nothing less than his soul. Only life is the adequate measure of life.

Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah.

Author of Light

Wonderful One! Wonderful One!
My Pilot on life's stormy sea!
Storm clouds linger nigh,
While the billows toss high;
And I cling to the wheel,
As I pleadingly kneel.
O thou Bethlehem Star,
Send thy rays from afar
To give light on my course
O'er the sea to my homeland.

Wonderful One! Wonderful One!
I sail through a dark, stormy night.
While night birds are crying,
Evil hearts are conspiring;
Temptation's great power
Beset me each hour.
O thou Bethlehem Star,
Send thy rays from afar
To give light on my course
O'er the sea to my homeland.

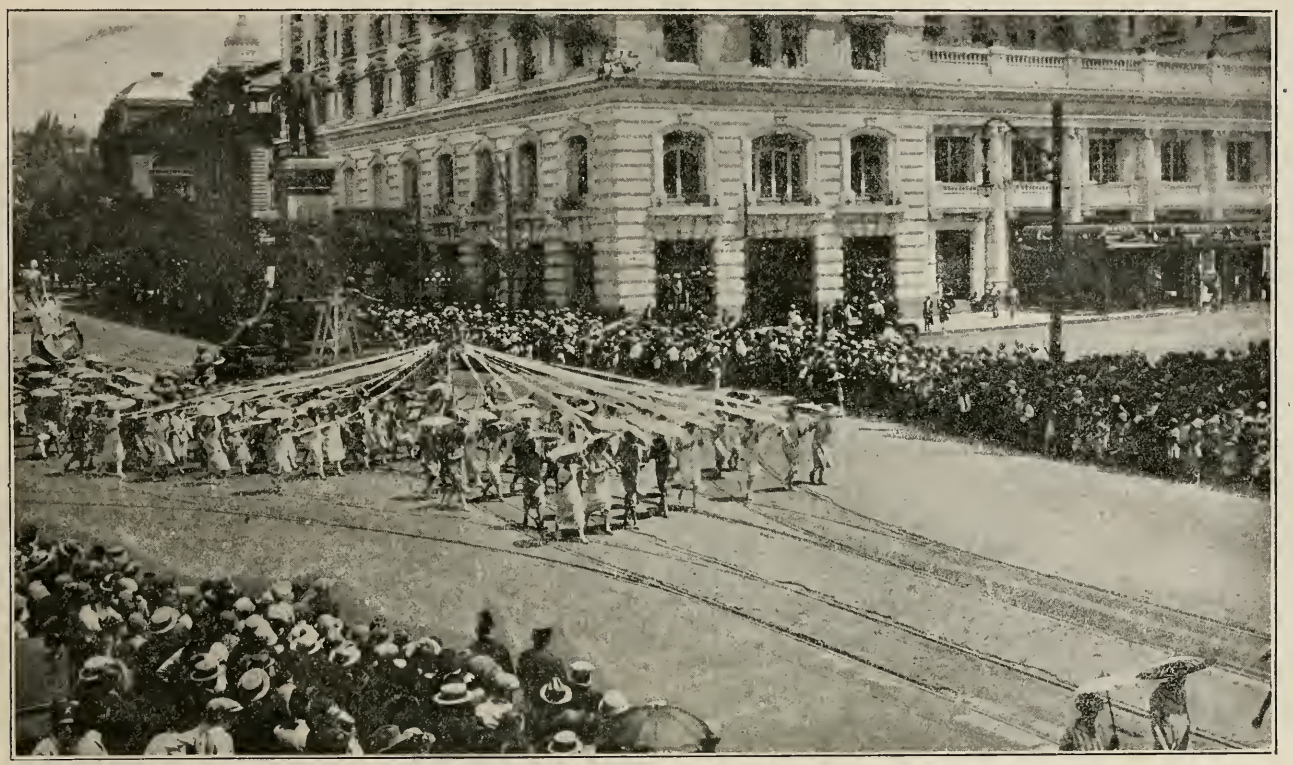
Wonderful One! Wonderful One!
Guide me home o'er the sea.
Help me reach the blest shore
Where I'll wander no more;
Free from sorrow and fear,
Meet my loved ones so dear.
O thou Bethlehem Star,
Send thy rays from afar
To give light on my course
O'er the sea to my homeland.

Meadow, Utah. A. J. T. SORENSEN.

The 1925 Band Contest

One of the most thrilling sights was the ensemble of the thirteen bands taking part in the grand concert finals in the Tabernacle at the M. I. A. Jubilee celebration, on Tuesday evening, June 9, 1925. The combined bands played two numbers, "The Show Boy," directed by Clarence J. Hawkins, and "The Royal Pageant," directed by John Held. A sight the like of which had never before been presented in the Salt Lake Tabernacle was beheld by those who were present; it was wonderful and inspiring. The bands played with such precision and harmony that only the most trained ear could detect any error.

Sevier Stake Y. M. M. I. A. Band, Prize Winners in the Band Contest, M. I. A. Jubilee Celebration. 1925. J. L. Terry, Conductor, Richfield, Utah



A reminder, at the close of the year, of the great M. I. A. Jubilee parade. 50th anniversary of the organization of the Y. M. M. I. A., June 10, 1925

ORNAMENTS OF VERSE

The Lonely Mother

Where out of the household we've all moved away,
And alone are the old folks at home,
An old mother waits through the long silent day,
Still thinking of us where we roam.
To her we are children her longings restore,
As her memories bring us anear,
And she listens all day for our steps at the door
That now she so seldom can hear.

In tender endearments each child that she nursed
Is often a babe at her breast,
And she fondles again, in her fancies immersed,
Each little one calmly to rest.
She croons the old songs of her earlier years,
Sees a cradle she moves to and fro,
And in reminiscence her eyes fill with tears
While thinking of that long ago.

The girls and the boys that from hearthstones depart,
That mother at home holds so dear,
The image of every child of her heart
Is brought to her memory clear;
The pictures of incidents, where as their guide
She taught with a mother's caress,
The little heart-prayer,—that the Lord would provide,
The faith that he ever would bless.

O Mother! the love thou hast given so free
Yet lingers in their loving hearts,
In fondest remembrance still thinking of thee
As daily some thought it imparts.
We love thee, as ever thy name we revere,
We pray that kind heaven above
Reward thee forever, for earth has no cheer
So precious as motherly love.

Los Angeles, Calif. JOSEPH LONGKING TOWNSEND.

A Tribute

(President Thomas P. Cottam, of the St. George Temple, Died March 16, 1926.)

O could I speak today for all
Whose tears are flowing silently,
The words I'd give to comfort you
Would consolation bring to me.
I know the sorrow that is mine
Is echoing within each heart,
For he has grown so dear to us,
It grieves us that we now must part.

But I'll not sing a somber dirge
For him who lies before us here,
Nor shall I need, I'm sure, to urge
That we must keep his memory dear.
For unto each of us his life
Has been a living, glowing truth,
A blessed comfort to the aged,
A golden lesson to the youth.

The precepts which his Father taught,
Abided with him day by day;
He lived in honesty, because
His conscience knew no other way.
His gentle answer often came
To turn the floods of wrath aside;
His code of life allowed no lapse
From right, whatever might betide.

The Master's words, "Love thou thy God
With all thy mind and strength and heart,"
And "Love thy neighbor as thyself"
Were of his daily life a part.
He loved his family and his home,
And gave his life to give them joy,
Now, grateful to his bier they come,
His good wife and each girl and boy.

His labors both for Church and State
Have all been well and wisely done,
And gladly would we emulate
The splendid course his life has run.
For he who rules in gentleness,
And leads, instead of forces men,
Shall live, though lost to mortal view,
And we shall some day meet again.

May God accept our tears, and bless
His memory to our daily good;
Giving us strength through each distress
To walk uprightly as we should;
That when the destined hour shall come,
And we must Life's conclusion see,
We, too, may find a welcome home,
Bearing our cross triumphantly.

St. George, Utah. MABEL JARVIS.

The Past and Present

The sun had driven the lizzard panting to a shadscale turf;
The ground gaped wide the agony of a parched and scorching earth;
Cursed were the grass and the flowers, cursed of the iron rod:
A curse that yielded the desert bare. Cursed to a purpose of God.
Dry, hard, and baked, her claims unstaked,
But for the challenging rattlesnake,
Coiled marshal of her sod.

The blast had driven the snowbird to her haunts of powdered white.
The frost had painted the sagebrush with its magic over night.
From the frozen peaks the chilled wind clutched her talons in the snow,
And drove the sifted swirling white to the plains far below.
Yet whistled and screamed in mad delight,
And left to the frost for another night;
A strangely picturesque sort of sight,
With naught but God to know.

The monarch of the western plain, the dusky Lamanite,
Laughed, and jested the northwind, and jerred at the tempest's might.
Conquered the season's harshness, wooed nature's love—and more,
Feared not the transient buffalo, nor the briny salt sea's shore.
Lived and died by her salty edge.
Lived for the desert more than the ledge,
Chose the sagebrush for his wigwam's hedge,
And wanted not for more.

* * *

Gone now are the looms of the legend, vanished the dead with the past.
Gone is the chant of the warrior; buried the hatchet—at last.
Conquered the sage and the shadscale. Crushed is the rattlesnake's head.
Spoiled are the haunts of the coyote,
A city in their stead, with the salt sea's name,
The desert tamed;
The mountains and seasons still the same as in the days of her dead.

Little Rock, Ark. O. WOODRUFF BUNKER.

Summer Melodies

O melodies, simple and sweet,
Tinkling chimes blown by the winds
From the heart of bright Summer's retreat.
Fresh from the full-throated birds and the bees,
Babbling brooks and murmuring trees,
Linger, O songs of mid-Summer.

O melodies, rippling clear,
Strewn through the vales and sunny dales,
Full laden with memories dear—
Laden with thoughts from the Past's golden hours,
Mixed with the dew and the fragrance of flowers,
Stay ever, sweet songs of mid-Summer.

Sing on, you warblers of rapture,
Sing the old songs, the melody throngs
To the hearts of Dame Nature's admirers.
Let harmony swell over river and dell,
And throb to the rhythm of the wild heart's knell,
At the joyous call of the Summer.

O melodies, greater than all,
Chiming within above Life's din,
The wondering Soul's silent call.
Be thou ever enraptured with song,
Music of heart and twittering throng,
Happily singing in mid-Summer.

EZRA J. POULSON.

The Call of the Hour

The hour is calling for men of deeds,
For men with vision of life and its needs,
For men of courage, undaunted by fears,
For men who can wait a reward for years,
For men who will work, and while they work pray,
For men of wisdom, who can lead the way,
For men who will live their message of truth,
And with that message fire onward the youth.

The problems of life grow bigger each day,
A civilization wends onward her way;
The snares are confounding, the temptations keen,
The pitfalls covered, and often unseen;
Men are anxious, as ever, to follow the right,
And fight against error with vigor and might,
But leaders are needed, God-fearing and true,
To marshal the forces, to vict'ry fight through.

Dixie College, St. George, Utah. H. L. REID.

Twilight

When the blue sky fades to twilight
And the shadows gently fall,
Then the haziness of evening
Softly stealing over all

Brings me memories and longings
For the happy days of home,
There at evening by the firelight
I am longing now to come.

Let me come and find the kiddies
Romping wildly everywhere,
Faces beaming, eyes a-twinkle,
Let me come and find them there.

In their fairyland they're playing,
Happy days without a sigh,
The gay music of their laughter
Sends its echoes to the sky.

When they hear my footsteps falling,
And they know that I am near,
There's a rush to meet their daddy,
And they greet me with a cheer.

Then they cover me with kisses
And caresses where I stand;
There is not another daddy
Half so proud in all the land.

Let me come to this dear haven
Where I lay my cares aside,
In the lovely hour of twilight
Let me come and there abide.

Mt. Pleasant, Utah. ALBERTA L. JACOBS.

The Glorious Summer-Time

When Winter's gone and Spring has opened wide the gates of joy,
And we behold the armies of the fuller blooms deploy,
The vista of enchantment takes my vision as by force,
Though I'm a willing captive led along the flowery course;
The sunshine, warm and welcome, lighting up the pleasant ways
That lead to greater glory with the lengthening of the days,
Gives spirit to the song-birds and forcefulness to rhyme,
To ring like bells in honor of the glorious Summer-time.

The herds down in the pastures and the flocks upon the hills,
Drink in the joy of living with the water of the rills,
Unconscious of the How? or Why? unheeding of the Where?
So long as there is food and drink their Paradise is there.
Thus I am taught a lesson of contentment as I gaze
Across the fields and watch the roving cattle quietly graze,
And while the natural sunlight gilds the hillside as I climb,
I feast with pleasure on the glorious Summer-time.

No fault is there in Nature; if there's any, 'tis in me,
When treasures lying all around sometimes I fail to see
The grandeur of the mountain height, the rushing water-fall,
The green reposeful valleys, which for admiration call;
Salt Lake, which in its loveliness, so cooling to the eye,
Reflects the deep blue splendor of the ever wondrous sky;
The rich, exuberant foliage in the glory of its prime—
Are some of Nature's drawings of the glorious Summer-time.

Fair Summer, Queen of Beauty, smiling pretty in your pride,
Delighting weary mortals, as they seek the country-side;
I could not well appraise the charm you've thrown about my heart
At fitting value, were I ultra-brilliant at the art.
The calm, delicious feeling which I breathe in with the air
So fills my keen, receptive soul that not a thought of care
Can find, or hope for, entrance to disturb the joy sublime
That makes this world a heaven in the glorious Summer-time!

HENRY NICHOL ADAMSON.

Riches

If I were rich, I'd dress in silks
And satins, broadcloth, too,
In tints of gold and every hue.
And with my wealth I'd buy
Everything my heart desires.
I'd travel far in every land,
'Till ever language I'd command.
I'd buy a home, not a humble cot,
But a mansion would I spot.
I'd furnish it in wealth of art,
Gay tapestries from foreign lands import,
And within that home I'd bring,
Rare books to read, sweet songs to sing,
And there I'd reign supreme.

But, could I purchase happiness,
Or love of God, to bless
My life and fill with sweet
Contentment, joy and peace?
I fear my gold would have no power
To purchase joy from every hour;
Or buy the love of friends
That brings me sweet content.
Then, with my gold and satins,
My mansion and my lattens,
I'd be the poorest soul of all
The earth, without the love of God.

Logan, Utah BEATRICE E. COOPER

Optimism

Does some fellow seem to hate you,
And with his jeers berate you,
Till your feelings 'most inflate you?
Pause! Don't let your anger rile,
But tighten up your grip, the while,
And just send him back a smile!

O well, I know you'd rather fight,
That would be supreme delight,
Yes; but it wouldn't make it right.
You don't need to call his bluff,
Although you know you've had enough,
Smile and bear it—don't be rough!

Just straighten up and sort o' grin
'Bout the trouble you are in,
And never care a rusty pin.
Learn to trust your fellow man,
And then respect him, if you can,
Though a checkered life you scan!

Now remember, as you reflect,
You are not the Lord's elect!
And only due a just respect.
You might save yourself a fall,
By weighing well the chances all,
And listening to wisdom's call.

You be a man—the man you seem—
Making life with service teem,
And you will find life is no dream,
But a paying dividend,
Enriching you unto the end,
And the Lord will be your friend!

Phoenix, Arizona M. A. STEWART.

Twilight

The soft Summer breeze embraces the perfumed rose garden. A deep silence reigns, and the very flowers hold their breath. Now and then the emerald leaves rustle faintly as a tiny breeze dances by. The profound silence is broken by songs of the cicadas. The air becomes cool and calm with mystery. A pale curve of the moon slowly rises above the tree tops, and a shy star blinks at the lengthening shadows flickering over the roses. A drowsy bird chirps a tender lullaby, and the grey dove coos his serenade. The roses gently sigh as a sheen of glimmering dew envelopes the garden.

LEONA RASMUSSEN.

True Friends

True friends on this earth
Bring you laughter and mirth;
  Drive the frowns and the tears from your face.
They are sure to be near
When you're needing some cheer;
  If it's doubtful you'll win in the race.

Some friends may be fair
And selected with care;
  But the ones who will always score,
Are the friends who will stay
Though you lose in the fray,
  They're the ones whom you'll love and adore.

True friends are jewels;
So don't use them for tools
  For each whim, and each mood, that you're in.
If you want them to last
You must hold to them fast,
  By being the friend that they've been.

Midvale, Utah. LAURA BATEMAN.

Give Yourself

You may sing of the new Jerusalem,
  And believe in the world to be,
You may dream your visions and cling to them,
  Through the realms of eternity,
You may pledge to the creeds that men devise,
  Or the code of your Deity,
You may build your temples to reach the skies,
  And tread in their sanctity,
You may pray your prayers at the altar flame,
  But an atheist still are you,
Till you give yourself to the faith you claim,
  And let all the rest come true!

Mesa, Arizona. BERTHA A. KLEINMAN.

Again We Rest

Again we rest—'tis eventide,
The day has fled and gone,
The worries of the day are o'er
And this day's work is done.

Has service been our utmost aim
Throughout our daily task?
Did we respond when duty called?
This, we ourselves should ask.

Did we bestow the best we had
Upon our work today?
If so, then we have made our goal,
And great will be our pay.

This day has brought us joy or grief.
Which? We, ourselves know best.
They leave their mark upon us when
We settle down to rest.

Provo, Utah. C. H. DURRANT.

Of Birthdays

Sun, why do you hurry?
Why do you clear at one mad bound
The frail, sweet mist;
And, bursting once in shouting radiance,
Route out the lingering muses of the night?
Why do you scud and slither up your path
So easily and so cruelly?
Oh, dumb, relentless sun,
Is it I who goad you?
I would fight you, hold you—
Tie you with sullen weights—dream-wrought and terrible.
Oh, grant me but a little moment still,
Before you lash your noon light on the world:
Before you totter for that awful leap
That flings you from the zenith, leaving night—
But stay: your brassy breath is fading now!
Oh, blind sun, dazzled by your own thin light!
See now already how you call up little shadows—
Blue and low, but feeling—gathering,
They frighten me, they whisper as they creep;
Sweet Sun, be kind and spare us but an hour.
The air is purple now the wind is waiting
A long sigh from the west.

* * * * *

Forgive me, Sun,
I did forget the glory of thy setting!

HUGH NIBLEY.

A Recipe

We know that we must train ourselves
In ways of being true,
If happiness would be our lot
For what we're living through;
For happiness comes only by
Fulfilment of one's duty,
With, just to match, a little bit
Of romance, fun and beauty.

Huntington, Utah LAMONT JOHNSON

CHRISTINE

By Fred McLaughlin

"I wrote him a letter about you, Chrissy."

"Your—your father, Bert?"

"Sure, Chrissy, I tell him everything. He's a dandy; you'd love him. He's the finest pal a fellow ever had."

Bert's eyes are brown—a brown so clear you can almost see the thoughts forming behind them.

"What did you—tell him, Bert?" A sudden fear overwhelmed me.

"Me? I told him everything. I told him that you helped me with my stories, that you write essays and sketches for magazines, that you are small and awfully sweet, that you are blond and that you have the exquisite prettiness of a bit of very fine china."

"That I am—thirty?" I faltered.

"Yes, Chrissy; that you are thirty, and that you look twenty—and that I love you."

"Bert!" I cried. "You couldn't have told him *that*. He'll misunderstand and—"

"I want him to misunderstand."

"—and he'll come up here." I could hardly keep back the tears. "I'm afraid of your father, Bert; I don't know why, for I've never seen him, but I am. He will be angry."

"He's *never* angry, Chrissy," said the boy simply.

"But when you tell him that you love me, he will think—what *will he think?*"

Bert had been sitting on a rug at my feet, his head against the carved chair arm. Now he turned and faced me, a warm tenderness in his deep brown eyes. "I was nearly ten when my mother died," he said slowly. "My mental pictures of her are very beautiful, Chrissy; memories of her are very sweet. There are things you say—and things you do * * * the fine interest you take in my work, the thoughts you have instilled in me." His voice faltered a bit, and then he went on: "Sometimes I imagine I can see her looking at me through your eyes. I guess you are a sort of reincarnation."

I twisted my fingers in his thick brown hair. "You love me like—like that, Bert?"

"I want to; I owe you so much, Chrissy." His face brightened. "You have no idea how fully Dad understands things; he even knows what you're thinking about."

"You are twenty, Bert," I explained with heavy conviction; "a big, strong, broad-shouldered man, a man who will do great things in this world. Your father knows you will—expects it, and when you

write him that I am a widow, that I am thirty and look twenty, that I have helped you, that I am—er—pretty, and that you love me, he will think of me as—"

Bert laughed. "He will think you are the most wonderful woman!"

"Hopeless!" I gasped. "He will come up here—and I cannot face him."

"You don't know Dad," said the young man. "When he learns that you have been an inspiration to me, that you have stood like a sweet, blond Muse, at my shoulder and have guided my groping mind through a literary maze, that you have helped me choose the proper word, the simple phrase—that simplicity which makes for strength—"

"Bert," I cried, "there are times when I find it difficult to keep from kissing you!"

He laughed.

"Who *is* your Dad; you know you have never told me?"

"He was a pretty big manufacturer until Mother died. After that he traveled a good deal. He's Senator now, and people in Washington like him."

"Of course," I said; "go on."

"He's been everywhere, Chrissy; you ought to hear him tell about it. And the way he can tell 'em! He can make you cry, dear, and then while you are crying he will tell you something so funny that you are laughing with the tears still in your eyes." The young man sobered suddenly. "One night he told me about the *Lusitania*."

"The *Lusitania?* Bert—what is his *first* name?"

"Daniel—and he has all the faith and all the courage of the first Daniel."

"Daniel Coleman," I whispered. Strange that I had never connected the names. "Bert," I said huskily, "was Daniel Coleman on the *Lusitania* when it went down?"

He nodded. "Yes, Chrissy."

The young man's face wavered in a sudden mist of tears, then cleared, and I studied him. Odd that I hadn't noticed. Bert had the same rugged features, the square jaw, the wavy brown hair, the knack of looking at you frankly, unwaveringly, when he talked to you. Eight years!

Once in a while it is given a woman to look into the eyes of a man and find them clean. Such had been the eyes of Mr. Coleman, and now, in those of his son, I found the same clear purity; the fine, spiritual sweetness that all women look for and few women find.

Daniel Coleman and I had walked the deck of the *Lusitania* in the moonlight. We had talked, somehow, of things that lay nearest our hearts. I had told him about the flaming youth who waited for me in London—Captain Bennett, an American who had joined the Canadian forces; and Daniel Coleman had told me about a boy of

twelve, and an angel Mother who waited somewhere for both of them.

In the few days that I knew him he put something fine and sweet into my life; and, when the desperate pandemonium of that Friday afternoon broke loose he had sought me out, wrapped me in a great-coat, and carried me to one of the lifeboats. He had shouldered his way through, put me safely and carefully into the boat, then he had leaned down and said softly, "God bless you!"

I had held him for an instant and kissed him; he had stood back, smiling, while I cried good-byes through my tears.

Fate gave me Bennett for a few short, glorious weeks, and then the great God of War took him away from me forever.

Bert reached up a tentative hand and touched my hair. "What's the matter, Chrissy; are you dreaming? You have been looking into my eyes for five minutes."

"Your father never married again, did he, Bert?" Somehow I was sure that he hadn't.

"No, Chrissy, he didn't, but he has been both father and mother to me. You know it's an awfully fine thing to be able to think of your father as the greatest man you ever knew. He made nigger-shooters for me, and showed me how to shoot 'em; there was not a boy in the neighborhood who could beat him at marbles; he taught me how to skate, to sail that tiny cat-boat of ours; he played tennis with me—and golf. In all my life, Chrissy, I have kept no secrets from him; he has been broad-minded, forgiving, understanding."

"And because of all that," I said, my heart full of a strange elation, "you are what you are, Bert—fine and manly and decent."

* * * * *

When the doorbell rang I knew intuitively that Senator Daniel Coleman stood outside. I had dressed with a good deal of care. I looked around the apartment. It was neat and pretty and homey, and I knew he would like it; yet, I was afraid.

I knew I would find a sort of prototype of Bert; a little taller perhaps, a little austere, a little broader of shoulders, a little more rugged of features. There would be a bit of gray in the wavy brown hair, a soft light in the clear eyes, a sweetness of soul—a broad understanding.

The floor lamp only half lighted the livingroom. He looked around, vaguely, and seeing my proffered hand, took it and held it for a moment.

"Mrs. Bennett?" he asked with a slightly rising inflection. I nodded. Somehow I couldn't speak. Eight years before I had kissed him good-bye—and cried.

Except that the broad shoulders were a little bowed, and the voice pitched a trifle lower, and lines of care—or of mental concen-

tration—touched his face, I could find no physical change in him. There was no gray in his hair.

I led him to a chair near the shaded lamp, where he stood until I had found another chair and had moved it away from the circle of light. I caught a fleeting smile and knew that my subterfuge had been appreciated.

He cleared his throat. He spoke gently: "Bert said you were thirty and looked twenty."

"Yes," I whispered.

"I have no real right to be here," he continued apologetically, his eyes on the rug, "and if you find my visit at all distasteful—or disconcerting—"

I finally found my voice. "Not at all, Senator; I am very glad to see you."

He looked up, startled, for a second, then his eyes sought the rug again. "Bert is all I have, Mrs. Bennett; I have tried to put into the boy everything of myself that was good."

"He has a lot of good," I said gently.

"Thank you; you have done a deal for him, and, if I may, I'd like to thank you for that."

"Bert has been a joy," I said.

"You—love him?" he faltered.

"I guess I do."

He sighed. "I wish to be entirely fair. Whatever Bert wants that is good for him I shall make every effort to aid him to get. He wrote me that he loves you."

"He told me that he had written you," I murmured.

Senator Coleman laughed. "It is very good to be able to be frank, don't you think?"

"It's the only way."

"My boy and I," he continued, "have read each other's lives like open books. Do you see?"

"I am very glad," I said. I got up and went to the door and snapped on the electrics, flooding the room with brilliant light. I turned and found Daniel Coleman on his feet. He was staring at me, a light of recognition dawning in his eyes.

"Mrs. Bennett!" he gasped. "Wait a minute—let's see * * Christine." Both of his hands were outstretched. "Christine—by Jove!"

I took his hands. It seemed to me that a great protecting wall had suddenly been built between me and the world. Peace and contentment, and a great happiness came into my life. I looked into his eyes again—and right on into his soul. The years fell away from us.

"Bert was right," he said after a pause which I knew he needed for self-control; "you are thirty, and you look twenty."

His eyes went over me—clean, fine, approving. "How beautiful you are, Christine!"

I was glad, for I wanted him to think I was beautiful. All my fear had gone. Life seemed so sure now, so safe. My feet had fallen into pleasant paths; the world had become—all at once—a beautiful, glorious place wherein to live. I saw worship, newborn, in his eyes, and I was glad—glad.

"The last time I saw you—" he began.

"The last time I saw you," I interrupted, "you put me in a lifeboat—and whispered, 'God bless you!' Then you stood back—waiting."

"And you kissed me," he said, laughingly, "—and cried."

"I'm crying now; wait a minute." I pictured the fine gentleman standing on the deck, while the lifeboats filled—just waiting. "I suppose you stood there and waited—"

"Of course." He laughed. "I went down with the infernal thing, and swam for hours, and the water—even for May—was wretchedly cold."

He came close to me and held out his arms. "I have never forgotten," he said.

"Nor I." Came an awkward silence. "You said—'God bless you'," I whispered.

"And you kissed me," he answered.

The doorbell rang. I waited.

"God bless you," he whispered softly.

I stood on tiptoe and kissed him. The bell rang again.

"Bert!" he gasped in sudden horror and contrition. "He loves you, Christine—the boy loves you—and now I have—"

"Don't worry; that's Bert," I said, opening the door.

The young man caught sight of my flaming face. "Jove, Chrissy—you're pretty!"

"Come in, dear," I urged.

Then he saw the Senator. "Dad!" He hurled himself into his father's arms. The frank, open love, the easy camraderie, the full understanding of the two men was a beautiful thing to see.

"What's up?" cried the boy. "You look too—too—"

"Mrs. Bennett has just promised to marry me."

Bert caught me in his strong young arms and, for the first time, kissed me. "Gee, Chrissy," he said happily"—didn't I say you would love him?"

Washington, D. C.

THE FORMAL OPENING OF BRYCE CANYON, 1925

By Grace Wharton Montaigne

(In the preceding instalment is told how in May, 1925, Governor Dern found his way to Bryce Canyon barred by gates fastened with chains of flowers and ropes of ferns; his meeting the Queen; how she permits a little girl to see Old Carver of the Purple Cloak carve the rocks, with his tiny chisel and bar.)

II

The Story Teller Recites the Views of Bryce Canyon

Leaving the grandfather to his flood of emotions brought to mind by recalling the death of his bosom friend in the Civil War, the story teller and the little maid walked to the rim of the canyon. There were pointed out to the little girl the many striking erosional forms, which are invested with likeness by giving the imagination but the least suggestion.

Hiawatha wooing Minnehaha was pointed out, two faces carved close together, he with eagle feather in his hair, and she lending attentive ear to the age-old refrain of the "Sweetest story ever told." "Over there," it was pointed out to the little girl, "is Queen Victoria, in white satin robe of state, flowing veil, and lengthy train to the imperial gown; see, she is bent forward ever so slightly, as if to ascend the throne."

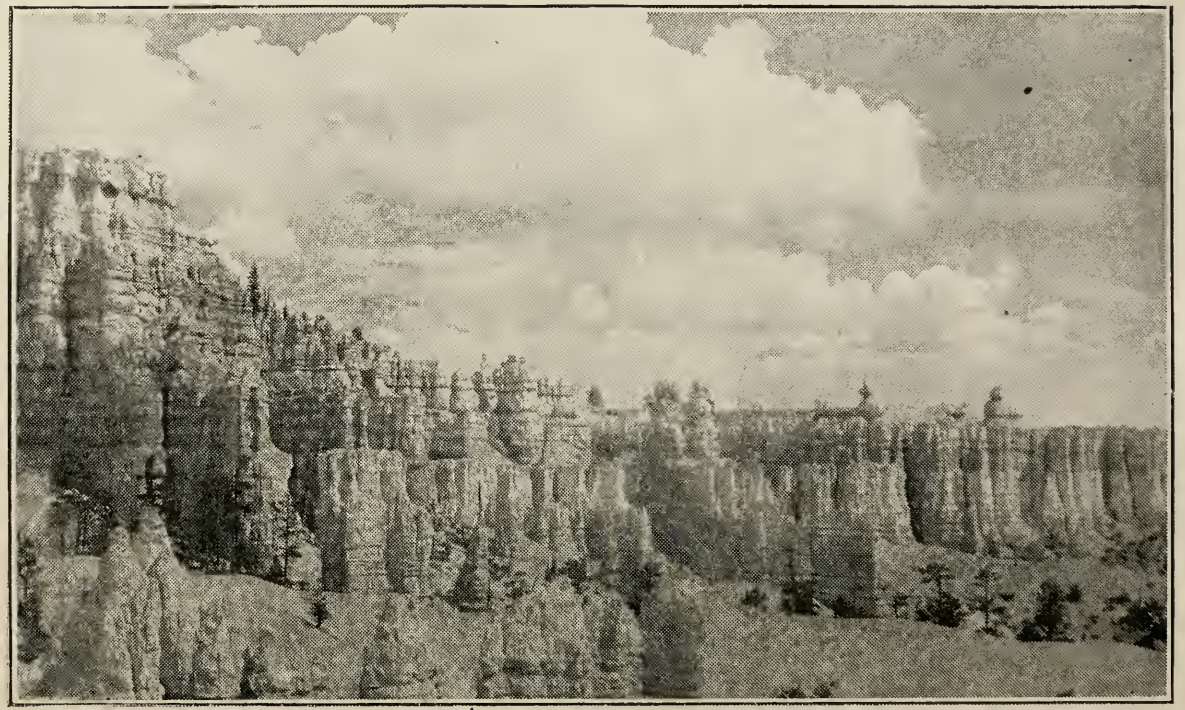
"Yonder is Cannonball Castlement, which withstood the assaults of horse, arrows and ram, an impregnable buttress to chivalry; but a monk mixed saltpeter, charcoal and sulphur—there lies the cannon ball in the very breach it rent, as the shot was fired that sounded round the world and spelled the doom of Knight and Lady, of Glove and Tourney."

The Five Monks

"Look," said the story teller, pointing as she spoke, "there are the five monks, fat, jolly, rotund, with thoughts more in the tankard than in the text; see, they are even now a merry drinking crew with pot of ale poised midway as the latest sally of merriment is chuckled over.

"Yonder is the 'Mormon' Palisade, which at sun-up in November is lit with a blaze of glory; for it then looks exactly like being lighted from within, as if the 'Mormon' Pioneers had stopped the night before in that palisade, entrenched safely against the painted and naked foes of the plains, and were this morning lighting their fires for the morning meal, which spreads the gleam from within. Justly has it its name.

"Away over yonder is 'The Temple of Justice,' with fluted



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EFFIGY OF THE DOUGHBOY GUARDING THE THRONE OF ZEUS

pillar partly intact, but colonnade melted into the hill, razed by the unsparing hand of time.

The Doughboy Guarding the Throne of Zeus

"Down below us," and they took the tiny path which led them into the depths, "is a scene you must not miss. At Arlington Cemetery, America paid homage with due rites to 'An Unknown Hero,' with impressive ceremony, solemnizing the sacrifice made that Democracy might live. Here at Bryce Canyon is an effigy of 'The Doughboy Guarding the Throne of Zeus,' wrought by The Hand that shapes the destiny of nations, and preserves the steady onward march of civilization. Yon large pile is the mausoleum; on it note well the form of the Doughboy, with metal cap, strap under chin, mustache, and soldierly bearing, guarding old ancient King Zeus, whose semblance is now almost worn out, even as his religion, which once swayed the minds of men, is now tenable only in poetic phrase. At the monarch's side sits the Eagle, 'The Messenger of the gods;' and near at hand, within easy reach is a vase full of nectar, the drink of the celestial rulers. Nor does the sculpturing of Nature cease at that. Follow the eye along farther and you will find an Ethiopian, done with bronzed face looking upward to the cloud forms, a white turban surmounting his head, and atop the turban, a black bow. So dearly did the ancient gods love this race that the Olympic twelve often spent the week-end among this favored people—Homer tells us how in one instance when the battle raged before fated Ilium, Zeus himself and his companion gods were even then regaling themselves at a banquet with this placid people. Look yet once more: A perfect figure is carved, by the Wondrous Hand, of a naked Roman gladiator, he who fought with trident and net, naked, against his fully armed antagonist. The arena of the Coliseum was stained with blood of one or the other, according as with whom victory sat. This man has had a particularly fast tilt with his foe, and rests, panting, as he sits upon yonder rock. Against the horizon you see the minarets of the Mosque of Omar, Moslem fane become Christian church."

The story teller pointed out each object to the marveling eyes of the little person by her side.

"Back upon this path you may see a perfect representation of a cub bear's head, so very true that one almost expects to see the sign. 'Tickle me,' and to see it show its teeth merrily as its stomach is scratched.

"In this place where we now stand is 'Sculptor's Studio,' where color and form hold the eye enthralled, as if one stood in an immense studio where sculptured forms ranged the sides, on each of which the Master Artisan tried his hand as he added a touch here, or cut a more pronounced feature there. All about in this wondrous spot of Bryce Canyon is work unfinished—form upon form upon which the hand

of God will yet again be laid as rain, as snow, as frost, as cutting wind, as the work further progresses.

"For, child, both you and your elders should look upon Bryce Canyon with imagination in full play, which should be allowed to run ahead, and you keep pace with it if you can—the run in the wild will do you good, and open up your powers."

Lore of Mythology

Not to unduly tire the little person at her side, the story teller retraced her steps, and soon they were on the rim, joined by daddy and the grandfather, for the speeches were over, and the crowd dispersed, each intent to see what his neighbor could not.

With the grandfather on one side and the little girl on the other, the story teller proceeded, "There, where you see the brown spot, the only place of that color in the canyon, that stain on the walls is from the soot and grime of Vulcan's Forge where he set up his blacksmith shop when he was busy fashioning the girders of the earth; there he piled his immense array of refulgent brass and shiny tin, the one, as you see, ruddy red, the other gleaming white. This ancient god was lame, but Jove gave him permission to endow with life two girls he'd made of gold, that they might support his weight as he walked, and help him in his work at the forge. There they are, those two pillars, Grace and Beauty—then rosy-fingered girls, with the tint of dawn on cheek and the luster of living light in eye.

"Those days he had a big quenching tub, such as all blacksmiths use to cool the hissing iron as it came from his anvil sizzling hot, which of course became full of red iron rust;—attend closely, for this huge tub of color plays a most important part.

"One day the lame god looked up from his work and saw two men on the rim, one pointing a one-eyed thing from under a black cloth at the girls, as one said, 'I'm going to take a picture of those two lovely girls.'

" 'Girls nothing!' said the other; 'why man you're daffy. Those are merely two old, misshapen clods of dirt.'

"This so incensed Vulcan to hear his living, golden girls thus spoken of, that in his rage he kicked over the huge tub, full of flaming color, in high dudgeon; the immense flood of red water thus dashed against the cliffs, stained them the ruddy reds you see, and thus was Bryce Canyon in scenic Southern Utah given its charm of color. The great mass of water, thus suddenly thrown out, cut and wore, tumbled and churned, and chiselled its way to the sea, cutting that great gorge behind Bryce Canyon, which crass men unknowingly dub 'The Grand Canyon of the Colorado,' retaining in that appellation nothing of the true origin of the gorge except the Spanish word Colorado, which means red, ruddy.

"Thus was the exquisite little gem of Bryce Canyon colored, its myriad form splashed with pigment; and also did that act cause the making of the most sublime spectacle earth shows to man—the most colossal ditch of creation."

Torquelstone Castle

"Are there any really, truly castles here?" asked the little girl.

"Well," the story teller replied cautiously, "some very, very old ones, much worn, are here, in which I truly believe.

"There is Torquelstone Castle, with the moat now almost worn away, in which burly Groent de Beoff and false Debois Guillbert imprisoned the Jewess, Rebecca, and the wounded knight, Ivanhoe. I can dimly make out the ruins of the old postern gate at which Sir Knight Sluggard battered with the mace that none but the mighty arm of Richard himself could wield.

"Far back behind Torqelstone Castle you see the ruins of the old Parthenon or Temple of Athena, the pride of ancient Greece and the wonder of later ages. There is the corner post at the right, and the other at the left, with the facade between them, still strikingly intact. Some call that King Solomon's Temple, and say that sound of neither axe nor hammer was heard in its making, which I can readily believe. And I could almost be persuaded that the 'Cedars of Lebanon' are those very pines you see sticking up round about.

"Yonder on the ridge you see 'The Chinese Wall' with buttresses every little while, just like the many hundreds of miles of that great wall about the Flowery Kingdom, manned by pig-tail crew to keep the hordes of Tartars out.

" 'The Pageant of the Nations' is a spectacle which may be seen from the rim of Bryce Canyon in which the ruined inheritance of all the old civilizations of the Ancient World walk past, each with its battered heritage—feudal castle of Chivalry, the Acropolis of Athens, the Chinese Wall, the Persian Mountain of Trial, the Cathedral from Medieval Europe, alongside of the more recent 'Mormon' stockade, England's Queen, and hero of Indian poem.

The Cathedral

When down in below, had we gone on a little farther, we would have come to The Cathedral, a form of Gothic pile, now crumbled nearly into ruins; the once proud spire that lifted man's aspirations heavenward, now fallen to the height of the main edifice. Long, long ago, long before Strassburg, Milan, or the great masterpiece of Sir Christopher Wren emerged from his dreams to take form in nave and spire—long, long, long ago, this ancient edifice stood, silently biding its time in the Silent City to be seen by men.

The Mountain of Trial

"This sharp edged mountain that rises from the depths upward to

your feet, so easily viewed from the rim where tourists walk, is called 'The Mountain of Trial.' The ancient Persians believed that when a person died the naked soul walked this scimitar edge on trial: and were it loaded down with the double sin of debauchery and vice, and staggering under the inroads of excesses, as the eager flames lapped up from either side to claim their victim, the weakened soul of the impure stumbled and fell; but the soul of the good, used to walking the 'straight and narrow path,' upright with strength preserved, strode forward, surmounting its trial, until, danger passed, bright-eyed Houris received him on the other side and conducted the meritorious one to the sacred presence of Ormadz."

That evening after the last story was told, a little brown head lay nestling upon a pillow, and before surcease of the day fell in full, little lips muttered, "Tell me another one—a long story."

The story teller walked out in the moonlight to the rim, to the rock jutting over the edge, with Torquelston Castle mellowed in the pale beams, and stood there listening intently.

As I said, "to a story teller is given much to see, and to hear more."

As she stood there in the moonlight she saw an ancient yoeman in the feudal baron's service slowly and laborously walk the castle wall from tower to tower and climb the farther parapet, forcing old joints to the menial task of crying the hours, a never ceasing round; a lantern in his hand in which the light had long since flickered out when the gleam faded from chivalry; she saw the ancient servitor mount the parapet's tower and there lustily yell: "Ten o'clock, and all is well."

One standing behind the story teller, unobserved, a sordid person with mind grovelling, remarked, "How noisy the night hawks are tonight; did you but just hear that one?"

* * * * *

And thus ended the Formal Opening of Bryce Canyon in 1925, as Imagination ended its flight, coming with startling suddenness from a realm peopled with fairies, gnomes, and gracious queen, strewn with the debris of crumbled heritages from the Past, to set foot once more on solid *terra firma*—to come with saddening abruptness from flights of fancy where the cry of "Ten o'clock and all is well" is heard as nothing but the roar of a falling night hawk in his search for food with open gorge.

Delta, Utah.

Here and There

Mud slingers never have clean hands.

Any kind of weather is better than no weather at all.

Many a child absorbs fine principles over his mother's knee.

A doctor is not a financial success until he discovers some new disease.

Some house-maids are wireless wonders—they are always listening in.

When the cook book becomes the best seller, there will be more happy home.—*D. C. R.*

SAMUEL JEPPERSON
A Pioneer With a Singing Soul

WESTERNERS IN ACTION

Samuel Jepperson, a Pioneer With a Singing Soul

By Professor H. R. Merrill, Brigham Young University

Samuel Jepperson was never known for his singing, but he has a singing soul, so say the pioneers who have known him, man and boy for nearly three-quarters of a century.

Coming to Salt Lake City when but two years of age, Samuel Jepperson soon became enamored of the mountains which surrounded him. When but little more than an infant his parents trekked south with him to Provo, Utah county, where they secured a home on the shore of Lake Utah, built a house almost among the reeds, where the queer sounds of the water fowls at evening lulled the boy to sleep, and where the snow-capped Mt. Timpanogos, more than two miles above him, greeted his light-blue eyes each morning. In this place, backed by generations of music-loving Scandinavian ancestors, Samuel

Jepperson developed the soul-power that has enriched his people and his nation.

He was a farmer; was, because he sold his farm only last fall to his son. He is over seventy years of age, but like Rabbi Ben Ezra, he feels that, with the press of labor gone, the end of life promises to be the best. His enthusiasm is youthful.

Yes; he was a farmer, but the soul-power developed among the reeds by fifteen thousand Utah sunsets, gorgeous beyond description, over Utah Lake to the west of his home, and an equal number of sunrises, over the Wasatch to the east of his home, had to find expression through other channels. This farmer, therefore, listening to his singing soul, began to paint, began to play, began to sing. As a boy, in a community where tubes of artists' colors were unknown, he gathered his color from the wild cherry, the wild gooseberry, the mustard, and a score of other growing plants and began to paint pictures with these crude colors to satisfy the longing of his soul for expression of the beautiful things he felt. Then one day a scene painter came to his frontier town. Young Jepperson followed him about, helping him, hindering him, plying him with questions, and worming from him the source of his paints and his skill. Later a portrait painter came to be the idol of the growing boy. He found his colors and set to work upon the scenes that had made his soul sing.

While wresting a living from the soil to support a wife and a large family of small children, this man gave much of his time to his art. No doubt his neighbors laughed at him, as they have done at the prophet in his own town from the days of Adam, but he kept on; he still keeps on. The critics come and say, "The pictures are too realistic;" or, "The picture lacks imagination." The pioneer smiles and continues to daub, for he isn't painting pictures for the critics; he is painting for his soul. Nearly all of his pictures, and there are a thousand or more of them, are of pioneer scenes connected with the history of the West. Many of the critics disregard his pictures, but there are a few who recognize that this man has written a chapter in American art that some day may be worth while. There are scores of people who love the man and his work. Many are like the secretary of the Provo Chamber of Commerce, himself a pioneer and a son of a pioneer, who said: "I don't care a —— what the critics say, I like Sam Jepperson's paintings, and I'm not afraid to say it!"

But this man with the singing soul did more for art than to paint. He wrote a chapter in the musical history of his state, and his children are adding to the story. Finding his town practically without music, he organized a band and an orchestra. Finding them without instruments, he supplied them by making them. He worked four days with an ox-team, bare-footed in the canyon, when but a boy of fourteen, for his first "fiddle." This he loved and learned to play

as few pioneers learned to play by themselves. He played by note, and played with a fluency and finish that was surprizing. He led the first band and the first orchestra organized in the Brigham Young University, then the Brigham Young Academy. During his career he made fifty violins, one hundred eighty guitars, ten or twelve cellos, several violas, and six double bass viols. Included among the guitars were many of original design with harp string accompaniment.

In a nut shell, this is his contribution to his civilization: One thousand paintings (there are probably many more) valued at from $25 to $300, worth in money, not counting their artistic value to his community, at least $50,000; fifty violins worth at least $5,000; ten cellos worth $1,500; six viols worth $900; and six double bass viols worth probably $600; and one hundred eighty guitars worth at least $1,800. In all he has created in the neighborhood of $60,000 of wealth, all of which will increase rather than decrease with the passing years. But, of course, he didn't get this sum of money, as most of his pictures are not sold.

But the best thing he did cannot be counted in money. He was a light shining in the wilderness to many other artistic souls who might not, except for him, ever have been developed. He gave to a raw and more or less uncouth frontier a little soul-heat from which whole communities have been warmed. In addition he has given to the world a daughter who is loved from Boston to Utah for her soulful voice and her matchless feeling for music; another daughter with a dramatic soprano voice that is decidedly promising; a son whose fingers can draw from stringed instruments their secrets, and whose lips can extract sweetness from brass instruments.

I saw this pioneer the other day. He is planning to have the greatest Summer of his life this Summer, even though the clock has ticked off nearly three-quarters of a century since his birth. "I am going to Zion Canyon," said he. "There I am going to spend the Summer and paint. It is nearly fifty years since I painted my first pictures in Utah's Dixie, and I want to go back there and see if I have improved." As he talked, his blue eyes lit and his hands trembled. I knew he was listening to his singing soul.

This is Samuel Jepperson, artist, farmer, musician, instrument maker, but above all, lover. He has lived a simple life, unsung, unappreciated, but not unloved. To know him is to love him.

Provo, Utah.

Orangeville Pioneers, Showing Five Generations

These are all members of the Orangeville ward, Emery stake, Utah. Baby Rena Van Buren is the nucleus of the picture, and with the baby in the front row are its father and mother, Mr. and Mrs.

Vernon V. Van Buren. Center row, left to right: Mrs. J. L. Killian, a great-grandmother of the baby; Mrs. Andrew Van Buren, a great-grandmother; Mrs. S. L. Jewkes, great-great-grandmother, 92 years of age; Mrs. Hyrum H. Taylor, a great-grandmother; and Mrs. A. G. Jewkes, also a great-grandmother. Back row: Mrs. J. Frank Killian, a grandmother of the baby; J. Frank Killian, a grandfather; Hyrum H. Taylor, a great-grandfather; A. G. Jewkes, a great-grandfather; A. A. Van Buren, a grandfather; and Mrs. A. A. Van Buren, a grandmother. The first three in the center row all crossed the plains during

ORANGEVILLE PIONEERS, FIVE GENERATIONS

the 60's. The old lady, the baby's great-great-grandmother, was 96 years of age on February 19, 1926. She has sixty living great-grandchildren, and fifteen great-great-grandchildren, all but three living. She was a convert from England to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. The two men in the center of the back row took very active part in the Black Hawk Indian war in Sevier and Sanpete counties; and, with their wives, answered the call of the Church to go from Sanpete county to Emery county, or Castle Valley, to take part in the settlement of that country. All these people were alive in April, 1926.—A.

Gladys Carron Wins Trip to New York

Gladys Carron, a first-year student in typewriting at Richfield high school, won the coveted trip to New York in the Second

GLADYS CARRON AND GEORGE HOSSFALD

Provo, Utah.

Annual Shorthand and Typewriting contest which was held at Brigham Young University in March. Miss Carron was a post-graduate of Richfield high school, but under the rules of the contest, she was eligible to participate in the contest since she was taking her first-year of typewriting and was registered for a sufficient number of hours at the high school.

Miss Carron will have a free trip to the national contests which will be held in New York next fall. She will go as the guest of the Underwood Typewriter Company.

She is shown in the picture with George Hossfald, for five years world's champion typist, who was present at the contest.

Miss Carron made a record of 62 words per minute.—*H. R. Merrill.*

A Pioneer Family

A picture of Fred A. Rindlisbacher, wife and family, of Bancroft, Idaho. The father and mother were born in Switzerland, in 1871, and 1876, respectively. They immigrated to Utah in 1883, and located in Providence, Cache county. They were married in the Salt Lake temple August 3, 1894; and removed to the place then known as "Squaw Flat," and filed on a homestead near the Bancroft station, Idaho. Here they were instrumental in organizing the Lund ward, from which Bancroft, Central and Turner wards are outgrowths. They pioneered the wild sagebrush country, brought the water from Bear river to the parched soil, and besides this took leading part in religious matters. Brother Rindlisbacher acted for twelve years in the superintendency of the Lund school, and for 26 years as a ward teacher. He filled a mission to Germany in 1902-3, and for a number of years was a stake High Councilman. The mother is a member of the Relief Society, and has done much good among the sick and the afflicted. The eldest son filled a mission in the Southern states. The four married daughters and one son, were all married in the temple, and are all giving service in the Church. Brother Rindlisbacher and wife have thirteen children, averaging in age from six to thirty years; eleven grandchildren living and four dead. The splendid work of this family is a sample of what Latter-day Saint families are doing

FRED A. RINDLISBACHER AND FAMILY

in different parts of the West, in subduing the soil, building the country and the commonwealth, and at the same time rearing honorable families, and acknowledging the blessings of the Lord, in all they enjoy.—A.

Zion Park Mountaineers

CLIMB TO SUMMIT OF LADY MOUNTAIN

Officials and scouts who made the climb were: Scoutmaster Royal Chamberlain, Assistant Scoutmaster Alfred Riddle, Troop Committeemen Andrew M. Anderson and Nephi Christensen, and scouts Joseph Fife, Verdel Lunt, Mont Rosenburg, Claude Smith, Reed Petty, Harry B. Leigh, Thorley Cox, Richard Thorley, Conway Parry and William Dover.

Andrew M. Anderson, chairman Troop Committee, Cedar City Boy Scout Troop No. 2, with the troop, made the first recorded climb to the top of Lady Mountain in Zion National Park during their Spring hike, on Saturday, April 17. This mountain rises straight above the valley about three thousand feet, and overlooks the Great White Throne, and also gives a magnificent view of the surrounding country as far as the Kaibab forest. The climb is made almost straight up the face of the cliff, with hundreds of steps cut into the rocks. Several thousand feet of cable were stretched to assist the climbers. Those who made the climb are eligible to membership in the International Organization of the Zion Park Mountaineers. Another feature of the hike was a swim at La Verkin hot springs.

Indians at Conference

More than fifty years ago, President Brigham Young, always a great friend to the Indians, ordered a community of Indians established in Box Elder County, Utah, and named the community "Washakie." This unique colony consisted of a band of roving Shoshones, to whom

Photo by George Ed. Anderson, Springville, Utah

The picture shows, left to right: Kin Nolagau, Posetz Nolagau, Hay Timbimboo, Yampitch Timbimboo, Yeagah Timbimboo. Mr. and Mrs. Timbimboo are grandparents of the little girl: their son, Moroni Timbimboo, father of the girl, is superintendent of the Sunday school at Washakie.

missionaries were sent by the great pioneer. They practically all joined the Church, were organized into a ward, which is functioning at present under the direction of Bishop George M. Ward, and his full-blooded Indian counselors, Yeagah Timbimboo, and another In-

dian whose name we did not obtain. The Bishop and his family are the only white people residing in the colony. Mostly all the Indians are members of the Church, although there are a few who are not. The Sunday school, M. I. A., and various other auxiliaries of the Church are officered by Indians, and this is likewise the case with the priesthood quorums. They have a school directed by a white teacher, where the children of the Indians are taught the ways of the white man. The younger Indians, for the most part, speak the English language, though many of the older people are not able to do so. Automobiles, sewing machines, and other modern conveniences are found among the Indians, many of whom dwell in regular buildings, though a number still insist upon housing themselves in their tepees or "wiki-ups." The Indians live by farming and working on the farms in various parts of Box Elder county; and, as with the whites, some are prosperous and some are in poverty.

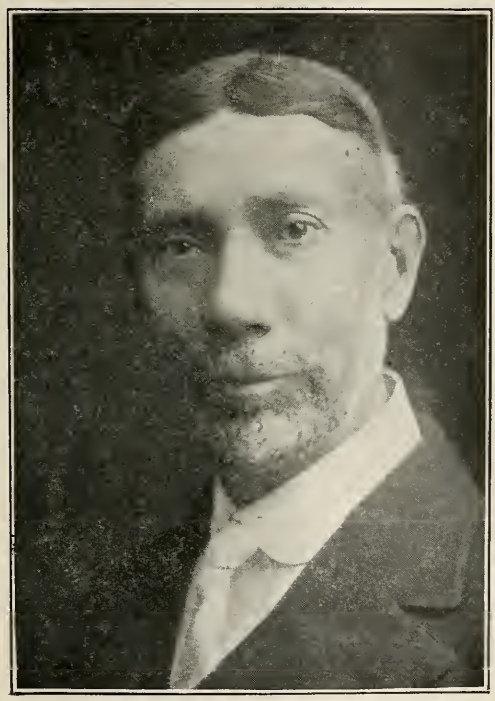
At the recent 96th annual conference of the Church, Yeagah Timbimboo, who is 75 years of age, spoke in the great tabernacle, his remarks being interpreted by Bishop Ward. The members of the colony who visited the conference consisted of ten civilized red men and women of Washakie, who were interested listeners to the talk that Timbimboo gave to the people, and which talk is printed in the *April Conference Report*. Two of the Indians who came to conference were not members of the Church, but they attend Church regularly every Sunday, and are interested in the organizations of Washakie. Bishop George M. Ward is a son of Moroni ward, who was one of the founders of the Indian colony.

Faith is this Man's Wealth

By Lowry Nelson

A resident "minister of the gospel" in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is very extraordinary, to say the least. In fact, I had never heard of one, except the missionaries, until I met the subject of this sketch. In the course of my interview with him, I recalled that when I sent a questionaire to stake presidents recently there was one who reported his occupation as "Minister of the Gospel." I thought this must be a facetious remark, for I could readily understand how a stake president, because of his many duties, might consider his main vocation as working for the Church, and his incidental work that of making a living . But now, I discover that President William Thomas Jack, of Cassia stake in Idaho, spends his entire time in religious duties; and his manner and address impress one with the idea that he is a worthy and capable servant of the Lord.

Over his three score and ten years, President Jack has witnessed the enactment in the Snake River valley of a tremendous pageant. He was sent to Oakley to preside over Cassia stake in May, 1900. He had been home just two days from the Central States mission where he was president. His resources depleted by two missions, he was hard pressed at that time for means to get him to his Idaho destination. A widow who lived neighbor to him in Salt Lake City came to him and offered some small assistance. He declined, feeling that what she had to offer him would not be of much aid, and might cause her to suffer. This good woman came each day for three days, each time raising the amount which she wished to have him accept, until finally



PRESIDENT WM. T. JACK, CASSIA STAKE

she offered to let him have three hundred dollars. This was just the amount which he needed to take him to Oakley and purchase a house, which cost him one hundred dollars, so he accepted it.

In 1900, Cassia stake included the territory now involved in the stakes of Boise, Raft River, Twin Falls, Burley, Blaine, Minidoka, and Cassia. In order to make the rounds of his stake, it was necessary

for him to travel 150 miles north from Oakley, 80 miles west, 40 miles south, and about 30 miles east:

"I have worn out several buggies, and several span of horses," remarked President Jack, "and in making the trips in the winter, I frequently experienced much discomfort. The cold seemed to get right into my bones. But my motto has always been, 'The Kingdom First,' and so I did not mind discomfort so long as I was in the line of my duty.

"When I came to this country I did not have much money, but I had a good store of faith. I had learned the goodness of the Lord on my mission, and my testimony always remained with me to strengthen me in time of need. I took much comfort from the statement of Nephi, that the Lord never makes a requirement of people, without making it possible for them to fulfil it."

President Jack reports that he did not have an opportunity to attend any college or university, except that he has been a life-long student in the "University of Hard Knocks." He has taken advantage of his experience and let it teach him. He has, of course, been a close student of the scriptures all his life, and has enriched his store of knowledge from wide reading in the world's literature.

President Jack with his counsellors have been in office longer than any other living stake presidency in the Church. He has seen the remarkable development in the Snake River valley, due to reclamation by irrigation of the vast stretches of fertile soil, which at the time he first came to Oakley was entirely barren of human habitation. His great life's message and the ideal which has led him on might well be summed up in the injunction of the Savior: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."

Provo, Utah.

June

JUNE is the sixth month of the year,
The promise of MAY is fulfilled;
The garden of Eden again is in bloom, for—
Now we have roses and JUNE.

JUNE is the month of perfection,
She's the beautiful sister of MAY;
Her garments of roses, her arms filled with roses,
Almost she is fairer than MAY.

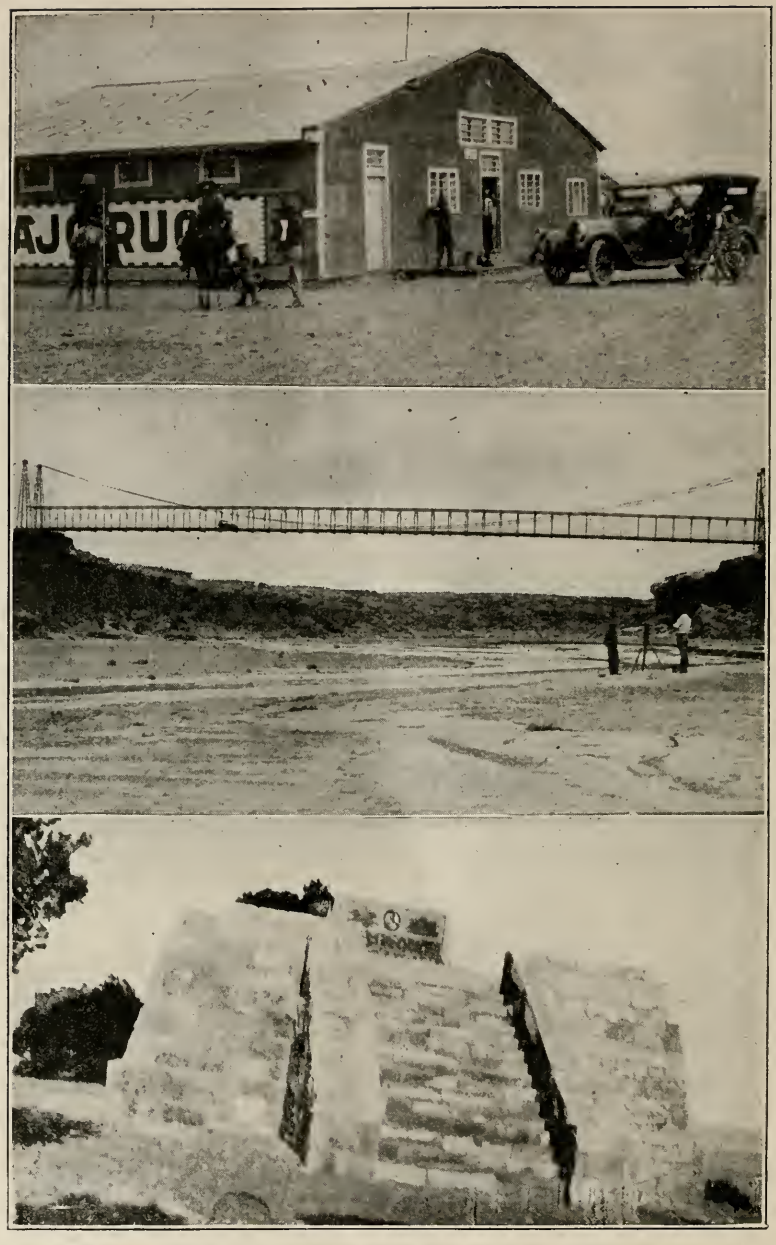
Rogers, Arkansas MRS. OTIS GEISE

UTAH PIETY ON THE NORTH RIM OF THE GRAND CANYON

By Frank R. Arnold

If any Utahn pushes his way this year, or any year, down to the north rim of the Grand Canyon, piety as well as the Chaucer spirit that loves to go on pilgrimages demand that he should go farther. He should leap, hurdle, fly over or even prosaically ride or walk down into the canyon and up and out again at El Tovar on the south side. Then he should charter an automobile to take him to the Hopi reservation where the town of Moenkopi will speak eloquently to him of Jacob Hamblin, the first "Mormon" missionary to the Arizona Lamanites as well as the pilot who led the first settlers to the Little Colorado valley. You see we use the word "piety" in its ancient Roman sense of love and reverence for the deeds of one's ancestors as well as in the modern sense of devotion to one's church. Most Utah people, slaves of the automobile and so modern that they know not the use of their legs, simply ride down through the Kaibab forest to the north rim, gaze at the canyon from their lofty perch, one thousand feet higher than the other side, dismiss it all with some word such as "sublime" or "splendid" and then turn back to St. George fig trees, or Kanab cow buffaloes. Such are not pious Utahns in any sense of the word. They are just material for Sinclair Lewis or Bernard DeVoto to poke fun at.

The genuinely pious Utahn, sitting on the rim, will be assailed by an avalanche of historical and religious memories. He will recall that he is in just about the geographical center of the great state of Deseret whose boundaries, far flung by Brigham Young, reached from southern California to Wyoming and from the Rio Grande to the Columbia. He will also recall that the first white man after Escalante to cross the Colorado River at the eastern end of the two hundred-mile gorge of the Grand Canyon was Jacob Hamblin. He started from Santa Clara in 1858, and had to cross it in order to carry the gospel to the Hopi Indians. He got the habit thus and went over nearly every year until his death in 1886, sometimes crossing at the west end of the canyon, but usually at the east end, either at Lee's or the Padres' crossing. He was the pathfinder of northern Arizona, its Daniel Boone or its Peary, and it is thanks to him that Utah settlements are now flourishing in Arizona around the head waters of the Little Colorado and the Gila, as well as in the Salt River Valley. It is also thanks to him that in the 70's men like Ivins, Jones, and Stewart went prospecting in Mexico and Texas and found locations for Mexican colonies. If you sit on the canyon rim and don't think of Jacob Hamblin, you are absolutely without piety. You are as bad as a man who visits Mount Vernon and never gives a thought to



Top: Cameron Trading Post, the most fascinating store in Arizona.

Center: The northernmost bridge over the Little Colorado river at Cameron Trading Post.

Bottom: The Powell monument on the south rim of Grand Canyon, an object of piety to Southern Utah.

Washington, or who spends a day at Versailles and does no serious thinking about the vanity and value of kings like Louis XIV.

Pious memories of Jacob Hamblin and Utah's share in building up Arizona should push you across the canyon. You do not need to follow the Hamblin path to the east nor take Stone's Ferry at the west. Your most speedy path is to drop right down the Kaibab trail on foot or on horseback as far as the suspension bridge with Phantom Ranch at the south end. This is twenty-one miles and enough for one day. Next day you climb up along the Tonto trail to Indian Gardens, and then up to El Tovar on the south rim. This is only eleven miles, but if you are on foot it will be one of the hardest climbs of your life, especially the last few miles. On your way you will pass through the best geological laboratory in the world, for you will climb from the Archean black granite of the river bed to the light bluff Kaibab lime and sandstones topped by red Moenkopi shales and sandstones.

At El Tovar you will find one of the world's most comfortable and attractive hotels, but piety dwells not in hostelries and will pull you in many directions. First you'd better visit the Hopi house near the hotel. It is an admirable replica of such houses as you will later see at Moenkopi with the entrance from the roof, with huge fireplaces inside and with baskets, blankets, piles of corn and all the paraphernalia of a modern Hopi house. It is a store as well as an archaeological museum, the most fascinating store in the southwest, where you may find Navajo jewelry and blankets, Hopi ceremonial trays and blankets, as well as baskets from all the tribes of Arizona. In fact, in this store Arizona seems to spread out all her Lamanite cards on the table and say to you, "Behold and admire and purchase if your pocket book will let you." The salespeople are more obliging than Parisians and will spend hours helping you select conchas of just the right form, or bracelets with the best turquoises. Or, if you are interested in the colors of baskets or blankets, they will tell you how the Navajos and Hopis get their dyes and set them with smoke from smouldering wool, using steeped cedar berries for red, rabbit wood for yellow, blue from the Mexican indigo plant, and black from charcoal or soot. Back of the Hopi house are Navajo hogans where Navajo Indians weave blankets and do silver work to supply the store.

After your piety has feasted on Lamanite industrial art you'd better go rambling along the bridle path that leads along the rim to the west. At every moment you have canyon views, each more beautiful than the other for color, light, and vastness, but the main object of your pious expedition should be the Powell monument about two miles from the hotel. It is to the memory of Major Powell, the first man to pass through the Grand Canyon in a boat, as well as the first to descend the whole length of the Colorado from Green River, Wyo-

ming, to the mouth of the Virgin. He ranks with the Utah pioneers and is a well beloved character in southern Utah, where he did much exploring in the early 70's and made many friends. His first voyage was in the Summer of 1869 and the monument is erected on the place on the rim that corresponds to his most bitter experiences during the trip. On August 28 three of his men deserted, discouraged by the hardships of the canyon and weakened by lack of food. They hoped to reach the "Mormon" settlements to the north but were killed by Indians. Powell, however, kept on, and by September 3 reached the mouth of the Virgin where he found men from St. Thomas waiting for him. The names of Powell and his companions are on the monument, but the names of the deserters are wisely omitted. The monument is a simple flight of stone steps leading to a stone platform surrounded by a masonry parapet. You can sit on this parapet, look down at the winding river and think many a long, long thought of the conquest of the Colorado and the intimate relations of the river with Utah.

If you wish to follow everywhere in the footsteps of Jacob Hamblin, you will want to push about 35 miles to the west to Hill Top and then drop down nine miles into Cataract Canyon, the home of the Supai Indians. Hamblin stopped to see them in 1863, when he crossed the Colorado at the west end of the Grand Canyon on his way to the Hopis. The trip is a hard one and needs a week to do it adequately. At Hill Top there is an Indian warehouse and you can look down into Cataract Canyon with Lee's Canyon entering it. The first half mile down into Lee's is almost straight down. As one traveler says, "Some ride down and call themselves brave, others walk and call themselves sane." There are few places where two horses could pass and to slip on this trail means to fall into eternity. Six miles down you reach Cataract Canyon and see walls covered with pictographs, at least one thousand years old and probably a written page of Supai history that has never been deciphered. Four miles farther you come to Head Spring, the source of the Supai river, and three miles beyond is the Indian Agency. Then you go down to Navajo Falls where John D. Lee took refuge from the law. Although he gave his name to Lee's Ferry, he did not live there very long and found Navajo Falls a better hiding place. Lower down you have first Bridal Veil Falls and then Mooney Falls, the latter higher than Niagara and eight miles from the Colorado. You cannot use a horse beyond Mooney Falls and you must ford the river four times to get down to the Colorado, but the experience is so unique that the few who have done it report it well worth while for the sake of the scenery, rare vegetation, and memories.

Best of all the south rim trips is the one to Moenkopi. Best because it takes you eighty miles into the Navajo and Hopi reservations,

reveals to you the resources of northwestern Arizona and takes you through Tuba City, the oldest of the "Mormon" colonies in Arizona. The trip can easily be made in a day by automobile if you start early enough. You first go up Long Jim canyon eleven miles to the site of the old Grand View house, which before railroad days was the canyon tourist center and received visitors by means of the stage from Flagstaff. This canyon gets all the water that falls on the south side of the Grand Canyon and pours it into Cataract Canyon. All around are the same yellow pines and cedars bedecked with mistletoe that you see on the north rim. Your next notable landmark is Waterloo hill which has killed many a Ford engine. Soon you get into the open grazing country of the Navajo reservation, look down into the canyon of the Little Colorado, and after 56 miles riding you get to the trading post of Cameron post office. Here is a bridge over the Little Colorado and from here you can outfit for Lee's Ferry and the Rainbow Bridge in Utah. You are in the heart of the Navajo country and keep meeting Indians with brilliant colored shirts, with turquoise earrings, with silver necklaces and belts of silver conchas. Most of them have Pendleton blankets for those they weave are all for sale. The trading post is more fascinating than any store on Fifth Avenue. On one side are rings, necklaces, bracelets and baskets. On the other bolts of brilliant velvets and cottons that the Navajos love, with Pendleton blankets hanging on high. On the back wall of the store silver belts and necklaces are hung in pawn, many of them worth over a hundred dollars apiece and all representing the most superb exhibit of barbaric mediaeval metal work outside Europe. Above these belts and necklaces are Navajo blankets for sale at the most reasonable prices since "before the war." Those in natural undyed wools are the most attractive, but they are not numerous as the Navajo woman cannot resist putting a bit of red into her designs any more than Sargent could omit it in his pictures. Here by the river the hotel autos always send back their first relay of carrier pigeons to give information about the condition of the road and guests on the hotel cars. The birds take the place of telephones , are bred and trained at El Tovar and a visit to their trainer is one of the things to do at the Grand Canyon. The idea of using carrier pigeons instead of telephones was brought back from the war by one of the directors of the Fred Harvey company, and this year is the first they have been used, as the old birds were brought from Chicago a year ago and the new birds have to be trained in the country in which they are to fly.

After crossing the Little Colorado you drive your car on through the painted desert, thinking of Leo Crane's book on the Hopi and Navajo country which bears this name, and looking off to the San Francisco mountains to the west and the Lee's Ferry mountains to the north where the Grand Canyon begins. All along the way you see prostrate petrified trees and when you get to the petrified squashes and

the dinosaur tracks it is noon and time for any lunch you have brought along. A few miles farther on you get into the Moenkopi wash, full of Navajo hogans, houses and farms and then you climb the hill to Tuba City where there is a Navajo Indian school and agency. The town looks like a typical "Mormon" village dropped down into the desert and, no wonder, for it is the oldest of the "Mormon" settlements in Arizona and has the characteristic poplars, orchards, and the gardens of the Utah village.

Here you are on historic ground and should do much thinking about Jacob Hamblin and his yearly missionary visits to the Hopis and Navajos. It is thanks to them that the way was paved for Utah people to come in and possess the land. First came the Horton Haight party in 1873, then the following year John L. Blythe brought in a company from Kanab, but it wasn't until 1875 that a permanent settlement was made in Moenkopi creek, or Moen Copie as it was written then. In 1878 Moen Copi was visited by Erastus Snow who located a new town site at Musha Springs, nearby, which later took the name of Tuba City, from an Indian whom Hamblin had brought to Utah on one of his early trips. It was at Tuba City that Lot Smith was killed by the Indians in 1892. In 1900, the town was sold to the government for $45,000 as a site for an Indian agency, and three years later the place was vacated by the Utah settlers as they felt that their work there was purely a missionary one, and they had no right to crowd the Indians off the small amount of arable land available.

Nowadays the chief "Mormon" touch is the old homesteads, but even these are overwhelmed by the agency buildings. The trading post has not the glamour of the store you have left behind you by the Little Colorado, but it is not without distinction. Last fall it shipped out a car load of pine nuts. Here is also the best place to buy Navajo moccasins which are far different from the soft soled garden variety to which you are accustomed in your northern Utah blindness. These Navajo mocassins have soft, reddish-brown buckskin legging tops, but heavy raw hide soles, as hard as galvanized iron, with turned up toes to keep the Navajo from stubbing his toe against spiney cacti. You fit the moccasins by standing in them in wet sand and then letting them dry to the shape of your feet.

Down a hill, past a pathetic little graveyard with no headstones, nothing but sand humps in the desert, surrounded by a barbed wire fence; then up a hill, and you are in Moenkopi, a mushroom modern town as Hopi pueblos go, for it is only 150 years old. From the kiva place you have a fine view down the wash over peach orchards and corn fields. The kiva is, so to speak, the tabernacle square of the town. Here are held the snake dances and here you can go down by a ladder into the kiva and see in the large underground room, lighted only from above, the paint pots and masks used for making

up in the dances. You can easily imagine it full of rattlesnakes just before the dancers emerge with snakes in their hands.

Although the pueblo is not ancient and the pueblo roof entrances are all replaced by modern doors, you will find the village a most alluring place in which to browse. The three or four stores are just so many club houses where the tourist visitor is as good as a vaudeville show to the outwardly stolid but inwardly chuckling Hopis. You can buy Ute baskets from Utah which every Hopi maiden wants on her wedding day; Navajo jewelry made to please Hopi psychology with butterfly or snake motifs, but Hopi blankets are not abundant. They have all been bought up as museum prizes and the supply is well nigh exhausted. Although the Hopi reservation is an enclave in the Navajo, the Hopis are as different from their neighbors as Kentuckians are from French people. The Hopis are rather diminutive and built with the short stocky legs and lithe body of a Japanese wrestler. They all, men and women, have bobbed hair and were probably the first Americans to adopt this expeditious style of coiffure. Around the hair and forehead goes a folded silk handkerchief or ribbon which contrasts violently and brilliantly with their black hair and dark skin. About the streets you see naked babies taking their first adventurous steps; dogs which are the result of a long series of chance of illy planned matrimonial alliances; and children roasting corn. This corn is the most remarkable thing in all the Hopi land. You see white, red, or blue black ears piled up, each color by itself along the walls inside the houses, and you will find that the squaws make a hole with a stick in the loose sand a foot deep for each kernel as they plant it and thus the corn makes the longest plumule in the corn world. It also has very few leaves as the plant seems to have a genetic frenzy to make nothing but ears and wastes no time or moisture on leaves. The corn is very sweet and whether you see its mahogany colored kernels, so like pomegranate seed, in a brass pail, or whether you eat the roasted corn, you are apt to think it one of the finest products of the painted desert, and a greater boon to the Lamanites than the pine nut or Navajo jewelry.

And all this is within easy reach of the Grand Canyon, for going to the Grand Canyon is like going to Europe. You can confine your visit to one corner or you can roam indefinitely. You will also find that, like Europe, you will only get as much out of the Grand Canyou as you take to it. To visit the Grand Canyon without a knowledge of geology and botany, or an enthusiasm for "Mormon" pioneers and Indian life, is as bad as to expect to enjoy Europe without any knowledge of history, art, or politics. Even the desert can tell you tales from every canyon and cactus, if you have only ears to hear; and to invade northern Arizona without the seeing eye and the hearing ear is one sign of an incomplete Utahn.

Logan, Utah.

BRIGHAM YOUNG AS SUCCESSOR TO JOSEPH SMITH, THE PROPHET

By Preston Nibley, Member General Board Y. M. M. I. A.

President Brigham Young was doing missionary work in Peterboro, New Hampshire, on the 16th of July, 1844, when he learned of the death of the Prophet Joseph Smith. News traveled slowly in those days, and it was not until nineteen days after the martyrdom that this terrible and disheartening word reached him. Being president of the Twelve, he realized immediately, no doubt, that the burden of leadership of the Church now rested upon him. Nothing in our history is more beautiful and inspiring to me than the way in which this man, chosen of God, stepped forth and took command. The prophet, the founder, the leader, was gone—but a new leader, equal to every emergency, a new general, born to command, stood in his place. While others were in doubt and consternation, not knowing which way to turn or what to do, this man knew instantly, and he stepped out and shouldered his task like a true man.

Ten of the quorum of the Twelve were at this time scattered throughout the eastern states, doing missionary work. The first problem, therefore, was to gather them together and proceed immediately to Nauvoo. Brigham's journal gives us a few general items relating to his return journey. Beginning under date of July 16, when the news of the death of the Prophet reached him, he writes:

"I started for Boston; stayed at Lowell all night.

"July 16—Arrived in Boston; found Brothers Kimball and Woodruff.

"July 18—I met in council with Elders H. C. Kimball, O. Pratt and W. Woodruff, preparatory to returning to Nauvoo.

"July 21—Elder Kimball and I attended meeting in Boston and preached to the Saints.

"July 23—We attended meeting in the evening and ordained 32 elders. Lyman Wight, for whom we had waited in Boston about a week, arrived.

"July 24—I left Boston for Nauvoo, in company with Brothers Kimball and Wight, and on our arrival at Albany were joined by Brothers Orson Hyde, Orson Pratt and Wilford Woodruff, who had just arrived from New York. We continued to journey night and day, by railroad, stage and steamboat, via Buffalo, Detroit, Chicago and Galena, and arrived in Nauvoo on the 6th day of August, where we were received with joy by our families and friends."

Wilford Woodruff relates that the boat bearing the brethren docked at Nauvoo at 9 o'clock in the evening. "When we landed, a deep gloom seemed to rest over the city of Nauvoo, which we never experienced before." I fancy that "a deep gloom" hardly describes the condition of the people in Nauvoo at this time. They were without their great and inspired leader, the man who had gathered them from various parts of the earth, the one to whom they had looked for guid-

ance and inspiration. They were a flock without a shepherd. What should they do now? No one knew. Sidney Rigdon, close associate of the Prophet for nearly fourteen years, and his counselor in the First Presidency, hastened from Pittsburg, where he had been attempting to build up a branch of the Church, and offered himself as "a guardian" to the people. The following day after Brigham's return home, August 7, at a meeting of the Twelve, the High Council and High Priests, in "Seventies Hall," Sidney formally presented himself. He said:

"I have been called to be a spokesman unto Joseph, and I want to build up the Church unto him, and if the people want me to sustain this place, I want it upon the principle that every individual shall acknowledge it for himself. I propose to be a guardian to the people; in this I have discharged my duty and done what God has commanded me, and the people can please themselves whether they accept me or not."

After fourteen years of almost constant labor in the Church, that was all that Sidney Rigdon seemed to know about Church government. A guardian? The suggestion was hardly believable. But Sidney's plea, because of his attitude, had little or no weight with the members of the quorum of the Twelve and the others who heard him.

At the meeting held August 7, Sidney's claim fell with dead weight on the ears of Brigham Young. When he had ceased speaking, President Young (just past 43 years of age at this time) arose and defined his position. His words were clear and decisive enough and left no doubt in the minds of his hearers. He said, speaking for the Twelve:

"Joseph conferred upon our heads all the keys and powers belonging to the Apostleship which he himself held before he was taken away, and no man or set of men can get between Joseph and the Twelve, in this world or in the world to come.

"How often has Joseph said to the Twelve, 'I have laid the foundation and you must build thereon, for upon your shoulders the Kingdom rests.'

"My private feelings would be to let the affairs of men and women alone; only go and preach and baptize them into the Kingdom of God; yet, whatever duty God places upon me, in his strength I intend to fulfil it."

However, this stern rebuke did not effectually dampen the determination of Sidney. He was to make one more grand attempt on the morrow. The remainder of the evening he was busy stirring up the interest of his friends, and through William Marks, president of the Nauvoo stake, he called a meeting of all the people to convene the next morning, August 8, at 10 o'clock.

Promptly on the morrow, a great multitude assembled. Sidney was the first speaker, and he harangued before the people for "two hours." But his words were like chaff on the wind and no great impression was made by him. He was his own undoing. Following his remarks, President Young arose and stated that he would answer Sidney at two o'clock the same afternoon, and again the multitude assembled, for the interest was intense. We are fortunate in having even a meagre account of President Young's great speech. Such account

as we have was taken down that day in long hand, and is brief and disconnected. But it reveals the soul of the man, and the great earnestness and faith that were in him. It was on this occasion that he established himself in the hearts of the people as their leader:

Synopsis of President Young's Speech

The meeting being opened, President B. Young arose and said: Attention all! This congregation makes me think of the days of King Benjamin, the multitude being so great that all could not hear. I request the brethren not to have any feelings for being convened this afternoon for it is necessary; we want you all to be still and give attention, that all may hear. Let none complain because of the situation of the congregation; we will do the best we can.

For the first time in my life, for the first time in your lives, for the first time in the Kingdom of God in the 19th century, without a prophet at our head, do I step forth to act in my calling in connection with the quorum of the Twelve, as apostles of Jesus Christ unto this generation—apostles whom God has called by revelations through the Prophet Joseph, and who are ordained and anointed to bear off the keys of the kingdom of God in all the world.

This people have hitherto walked by sight, and not by faith; you have had the Prophet in your midst. Do you all understand? You have walked by sight, and without much pleading to the Lord to know whether things were right or not.

Heretofore you have had a Prophet as the mouth of the Lord to speak to you, but he has sealed his testimony with his blood, and now, for the first time are you called to walk by faith—not by sight.

The first position I take in behalf of the Twelve and the people is to ask a few questions. I ask the Latter-day Saints, do you, as individuals, at this time, want to choose a prophet or guardian? Inasmuch as our Prophet and Patriarch are taken from our midst, do you want some one to guard, to guide and lead you through this world into the kingdom of God, or not? All that want some person to be a guardian, or a prophet, a spokesman, or something else, signify it by raising the right hand. (No votes.)

When I came to this stand I had peculiar feelings and impressions; the faces of this people seemed to say, we want a shepherd to guide and lead us through the world. All that want to draw away a party from the Church after them, let them do it if they can, but they will not prosper.

If any man thinks he has influence among this people to lead away a party, let him try it, and he will find out that there is power with the Apostles, which will carry them off victorious through all the world and build up and defend the Church and kingdom of God.

What do the people want? I feel as though I wanted the privilege to weep and mourn for thirty days at least, then rise up, shake myself, and tell the people what the Lord wants of them. Although my heart is too full of mourning to launch forth into business transactions and the organization of the Church, I feel compelled this day to step forth in the discharge of those duties God has placed upon me.

I now wish to speak of the organization of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. If the Church is organized, and you want to know how it is organized, I will tell you. I know your feelings—do you want me to tell your feelings?

Here is President Rigdon, who was counselor to Joseph. I ask, where are Joseph and Hyrum? They are gone beyond the veil; and if Elder Rigdon wants to act as his counselor, he must go beyond the veil where he is.

There has been much said about President Rigdon being President of the Church and leading the people, being the head, etc., etc. Brother Rigdon

has come 1600 miles to tell you what he wants to do for you. If the people want President Rigdon to lead them, they may have him; but I say unto you that the quorum of the Twelve have the keys of the Kingdom of God in all the world.

The Twelve are appointed by the finger of God. Here is Brigham. Have his knees ever faltered? Have his lips ever quivered? Here is Heber, and the rest of the Twelve, an independent body, who have the keys of the Priesthood, the keys of the kingdom of God to deliver to all the world; this is true, so help me God. They stand next to Joseph and are as the First Presidency of the Church.

I do not know whether my enemies will take my life or not; and I do not care, for I want to be with the man I love.

You cannot fill the office of a Prophet, Seer and Revelator; God must do this. You are like children without a father, and sheep without a shepherd. You must not appoint any man at our head; if you should the Twelve must ordain him. You cannot appoint a man at our head, but if you do want any other man or men to lead you, take them and we will go our way to build up the kingdom in all the world.

I know who are Joseph's friends, and who are his enemies. I know where the keys of the kingdom are, and where they will eternally be. You cannot call a man to be a prophet; you cannot take Elder Rigdon and place him above the Twelve; if so, he must be ordained by them.

I tell you there is an over anxiety to hurry matters here; you cannot take any man and put him at the head, you would scatter the Saints to the four winds, you would sever the priesthood; so long as we remain as we are, the heavenly head is in constant co-operation with us; and if you go out of that course, God will have nothing to do with you.

Again, perhaps some think that our beloved brother Rigdon would not be honored, would not be looked to as a friend; but if he does right and remains faithful, he will not act against our counsel, nor we against his, but act together, and we shall be as one.

I again repeat, no man can stand at our head, except God reveals it from heaven.

I have spared no pains to learn my lesson of the kingdom in this world, and in the eternal worlds; and if it were not so, I could go and live in peace; but for the gospel, and your sakes, I shall stand in my place. We are liable to be killed all the day long. You have never lived by faith.

Brother Joseph, the Prophet, has laid the foundation for a great work, and we will build upon it; you have never seen the quorums built one upon another. There is an almighty foundation laid, and we can build a kingdom such as there never was in the world; we can build a kingdom faster than Satan can kill the Saints off.

What do you want? Do you want a Patriarch for the whole church? To this we are perfectly willing. If Brother Samuel H. Smith had been living, it would have been his right and privilege; but he is dead, he is gone to Joseph and Hyrum; he is out of the reach of bullets and spears, and he can waft himself with his brothers, his friends and the Saints.

Do you want a Trustee-in-Trust? Has there been a Bishop who has stood in his lot yet? What is his business? To take charge of the temporal affairs, so that the Twelve and the elders may go on with their business. Joseph condescended to do their business for them. Joseph condescended to offer himself for President of the United States, and it was a great condescension.

Do you want a spokesman? Here are Elder Rigdon, Brother Amasa Lyman (whom Joseph expected to take as a counselor), and myself. Do you want the Church properly organized, or do you want a spokesman? Elder Rigdon claims to be a spokesman to the Prophet. Very well, he was; but can he now act in that office? If he wants now to be a spokesman to

the Prophet he must go to the other side of the veil, for the Prophet is there, but Elder Rigdon is here. Why will Elder Rigdon be a fool? Who knows anything of the priesthood, or of the organization of the kingdom of God? I am plain.

Does this Church want it as God organized it? Or do you want to clip the power of the priesthood, and let those who have the keys of the priesthood go and build up the kingdom in all the world, wherever the people will hear them?

If there is a spokesman, if he is a king and priest, let him go and build up a kingdom unto himself, that is his right, and it is the right of many here, but the Twelve are at the head of it.

I want to live on the earth and spread truth through all the world. You Saints of latter days want things right. If 10,000 men rise up and say they have the Prohet Joseph Smith's shoes, I know they are impostors. In the priesthood you have a right to build up a kingdom, if you know how the Church is organized.

Now, if you want Sidney Rigdon or William Law to lead you, or anybody else, you are welcome to them; but I tell you, in the name of the Lord, that no man can put another between the Twelve and the Prophet Joseph. Why? Because Joseph was their file leader, and he has committed into their hands the keys of the kingdom in this last dispensation for all the world. Don't put a thread between the Priesthood and God.

I will ask, who has stood next to Joseph and Hyrum? I have, and I will stand next to them. We have a head, and that head is the apostleship, the spirit and power of Joseph, and we can now begin to see the necessity of that apostleship.

Brother Rigdon was at his side—not above. No man has a right to counsel the Twelve but Joseph Smith. Think of these things. You cannot appoint a Prophet, but if you let the Twelve remain and act in their place, the keys of the kingdom are with them, and they can manage the affairs of the Church, and direct all things aright.

Now all this does not lessen the character of President Rigdon; let him magnify his calling, and Joseph will want him beyond the veil; let him be careful what he does, lest that thread which binds us together is cut asunder. May God bless us all.

Following this great speech by President Young, a vote was taken and "the Twelve" were unanimously sustained as head of the Church; the claim of Sidney Rigdon to act as "guardian" being rejected. The fears of the people were allayed: the orderly process of Church government had been carried out.

How to Remember

A new congressman from the Middle West had studied a course in memory training, and prided himself on his dependable memory for names. The course taught that to remember a new name, compare it with some other familiar name or with some word of like meaning. The congressman had been introduced to ex-Governor William Spry of Utah, Commissioner of the Land Office, and had applied the rule. Upon a subsequent meeting with Mr. Spry, the congressman unhesitatingly greeted him: "Glad to see you again, Mr. Nimble."

CLEAN DIRT

By Blanche Kendall McKey

The heart of Paul Reid beat rapturously with the pulse of the living, while Stillwater slept in the silence of death. On the side of the low hill clung the little town, white in the moonlight, its houses grouped about the high-spired church, as if it were the hour for prayer. Paul's train "chug-chugged" into the distance; the black spot disappeared; the moon shone upon the ribbon rails as they raced to meet each other far down where the misty green of the open became mistier gray. Silence. The silence of Texas earth breathing a hundred perfumes and of Texas skies, deeper, wider, more hushing than all the other skies of the states. So thought Paul.

The young man set down his valise and drank his fill of the balmy June night, his eyes upon the slumbering town. The silver-windowed high school was plainly discernible, and too the silvered clock-face of the city hall. Hidden by trees was the Mayor's home—Gail's home; but he knew the exact spot. She was sleeping there, dear lady of his dreams! Down in the little hollow below the town proper, clustered the shacks, the tumble-down homes of Stillwater's poor. Pete Cooper's house, the best of them all, stood out conspicuously. Back of Pete's barn was the shack Paul and his father had called "home." Closing his eyes he shut out the view of the "Hollow," trying to forget the misery it recalled. He looked up the hill towards Gail's home; and he thought of the diploma which lay in his valise, for Paul was now a doctor of the law. But during the long walk to Stillwater's only hotel, dismal scenes of his stricken childhood kept flocking unpleasantly to his mind.

In the course of time, Paul Reid was admitted to the local bar, and a sign was hung out from his small office. When waiting had grown irksome and the little money he had saved was almost gone, there came a message summoning him to the office of Stillwater's mayor. Paul eagerly accepted the invitation.

Mayor Halliday arose as the young man entered his inner office.

"You-all are welcome," he said courteously, in the soft speech of the South, though Paul felt no warmth in his hand-clasp. He offered a chair opposite his own at the table. It faced directly the strong light pouring in through the window. The older man studied Paul's clear blue questioning eyes. Finally he spoke:

"I reckon we both remember our last—er—serious interview?"

"I do," replied Paul quietly.

"At that time you promised to speak no word of love to my daughter."

"I have not forgotten."

"My daughter has the—er—impertinence to inform me that you

have neither written nor sought an interview with her since your return to Stillwater."

"Your daughter told the truth," Paul replied.

"Then I feel somewhat—er—obligated to inform you that my daughter—er—rather unfortunately, has not succeeded in driving you out of her heart."

"Your news is not associated with misfortune in my mind," said the young man quietly. He waited. Finally Mayor Halliday went on: "When Gail was eighteen I was not alarmed; but she is now twenty-six. She has refused most of the young men of Stillwater and six passers-by. She calls them "ships that pass in the night."

"They need not cause alarm, Mayor Halliday, so long as they pass." There was no impertinence in the quiet remark.

"Confound it, man, I don't want them to eternally pass!" cried the mayor. Paul suppressed a smile; and the old man continued more calmly:

"My daughter's happiness is the dearest thing in the world to me. She is all I have. I'm getting to be an old man; I want to see her settled—protected. I want it right bad."

He waited for Paul to speak, but his visitor continued to stare at him questioningly.

"Gail is a girl of very strong likes and dislikes," finally the father went on, gloomily. "She has beauty, charm, and—amiability unless she sets her mind upon some undesirable thing."

It was Paul who broke the silence. "What do you wish of me, Mayor Halliday?" he queried.

"I want you to understand the situation," the mayor replied. "A 'Ship' with a good cargo sails into port to-morrow—at my invitation. This 'Ship' happens to be the son of the governor of Texas."

"Edward Hale?" asked Paul.

"Yes. Do you know him?"

"I do. He was a class-mate of Miss Halliday's in Austin."

"The same. He is well-born, handsome, promising, and he loves my daughter. My desire is for this 'Ship' not to pass. So I informed Gail last evening. She became angry; she was perfectly capable of managing her own affairs; she stormed. She is reserving herself for you, my dear sir, in the mere supposition that your heart is hers."

"Miss Halliday knows that I love her very deeply. We know without words that we still love each other."

"I'm wondering if I may ask what your intentions are?" the old man queried, sarcastically.

"My intentions have not changed, sir," answered Paul. "I am trying to place myself in a position where I can feel justified in asking you to release me from my promise."

"Your—er—prospects, at present?" ventured the mayor.

"Are very poor," replied Paul, grimly. "And so of course I

cannot stand in Miss Halliday's way if she can—like this seventh 'Ship.' But I feel that it is I who can really make her happy. No amount of poverty can take that comfort out of my heart."

The mayor of Stillwater leaned across the table. "It is not the poverty that I object to, Reid," he said. "It is something far more deeply rooted. You will pardon my frankness, but I have been mayor here for a long time, and it is hard to believe that permanent good can come out of the Hollow."

"Dirt isn't always dirty," replied Paul in a low voice. He was recalling his mother's gentleness—in spite of the Hollow—and the brown soil that now covered her dust. "Out in the open field, under the sun, dirt is clean." He arose. "I do not know that I should make any apology," he said quietly. "The sins of my unhappy father all belong to the 'omission' class. That does not excuse him, but it is better than being an out and out criminal. But I hug to my heart a different philosophy from yours. Mine is: 'The virtues of the mothers shall be visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation.' At least that is my hope." He crossed to the door.

"Just a moment, Paul," said the mayor, rising. "The Hollow is giving us a good deal of trouble. Do you want a job?"

"Yes."

"Do you go into the Hollow?"

"At times. The friends of my childhood are there; I could not be a spy."

"Where do you stand in regard to the State's prohibition laws?"

"I stand with the State," replied Paul.

"Yet you will not defend the laws?"

"I hope that I did not imply that," answered Paul. "What do you want me to do?"

"Become a prohibition enforcement officer and work under cover."

"My field?" asked Paul.

"The entire county," replied Mayor Halliday. He named the salary.

"Do you accept?"

"Of course," answered Paul.

After the mayor had made necessary explanations to the younger man, and when Paul was preparing to leave, Halliday remarked:

"A man can't help admiring you, Reid: you know how to stick. But don't misunderstand me; I shall do all in my power to keep the seventh 'Ship' from passing."

Paul Reid, attorney-at-law and prohibition officer, threw his whole energy into an investigation of the liquor question; and with heavy heart he recognized the truth that evidence pointed more and more conclusively to the fact that Pete Cooper was a vital factor in the illicit liquor trade that was demoralizing the state.

One night he knocked upon Cooper's door, and Elsie, the only

daughter of the house, opened it. She welcomed him warmly, joy flushing her sallow cheeks. Her joyous call brought her father into the room. Pete Cooper was a large man with protruding black eyes and an over-seamed face. The sullen lines broke into a delighted smile when he saw Paul. He looked him over approvingly.

"You am a wonder, Paul," he chuckled, drawling his words and slighting his "r's." "You look better every time I see you; you-all am a right smart fellah."

Paul, absorbed in the old man, did not notice Elsie, whose eyes bespoke an emotion deeper than pride in her friends achievements. Before he left, Paul told Pete pointedly that unsuspecting bootleggers were being watched by the law, and had better take warning lest trouble overtake them. Cooper scowled his contempt of the law.

The next day Reid located a still in the hollow of a low hill north of Stillwater. The mayor prosecuted to the extreme limit of the law the two men caught red-handed. Stillwater began to divide more and more decidedly into two factions, one for and one against Halliday.

Again Paul went to Cooper's home.

"Pete, for the love of goodness, give this game up before the law gets you," he implored.

"What game?"

"You know. Pull out, Pete."

"You betteh pull out o' here, sonny. You arn't contented with becoming a ejucated swell; you've got to turn reformer. You-all have come to the wrong house."

"Pete, I'm your friend."

Something in the boy's sincere tone made the old man turn to him.

"An' I was a friend to you once, sonny."

"Don't you think I know it? I never could forget your kindness. You saved me many a time when father———. This was the only real shelter I ever knew after mother—went. If ever a man owed another a good turn, I owe one to you. Give up what you are doing."

Cooper shot him a quick glance under scowling eye-brows. "Who is it you are afraid of?" he asked.

"Mayor Halliday."

Pete gave vent to a coarse laugh that rumbled into an oath.

"Mayor Halliday is getting too old for his job," he said. "He's getting entirely too finicky. It's a good thing his term is almost oveh. Stillwater needs a young mayor—not an old crank; some young felleh like—like—"

"Like Paul," finished Elsie.

Her words had a peculiar effect upon Pete. He stared at Paul as if he were seeing him for the first time: magnetic, handsome, well-edu-

cated, the type which easily grows into an idol of the people. Finally he commented:

"Yes, some young felleh like Paul."

As a sequence of this incident, Cooper and two of his friends dropped into Ried's small office a few days later. Pete, after having officiated in the introduction, let the communication be carried on by more expert tongues. They were representing the new party—the people's party. The citizens of Stillwater were tired of old-fogie methods. They wanted a young mayor.

"Just what will your new methods imply?" Paul asked.

"A little more individual freedom, for one thing. And we want the children of the Hollow to have a chance. There is no real democracy in Stillwater. What we want is a young man with a forward look."

For two hours Paul discussed "Liberty" and "License." In the end he accepted the candidacy to run for mayor against Halliday.

Meanwhile, the seventh "Ship," colors flying, had sailed into port,—and still lingered in Stillwater. The hatred for Paul, smoldering in Hall's heart since the days, four years ago, when gay little Gail Halliday had preferred the attentions of a penniless boy to those of the governor's son, burst into flame almost unbearable. Hearing that Paul Reid would run for mayor against Halliday, the governor's son made a quiet investigation; and discovering that to all appearances Reid was to be an exponent of the lawless, Edward Hale, under cover, stood like a financial rock behind fierce campaigning for Reid.

One day two illicit dealers in liquor were convicted; and the mayor commissioned Paul to locate the distillery. For the third time Paul went to Pete Cooper.

"You are in the danger zone for sure now, Pete. Certain people think you own a still."

"Who, for instance?"

"For instance—I do."

"Old Pete ain't afraid o' you-all, sonny."

"You have cause to fear."

"You-all do take a powerful interest in the old man."

"I'm fond of you—you know that; I don't want to see you sent up."

Cooper narrowed his black eyes and studied Paul.

"Where do you-all think the still you was speaking of is located?" he asked.

"Right here," Paul replied.

"You-all are free to search."

Cooper thrust a lighted lantern into Paul's hand, and began showing him the ins and outs of his house. Reid peered into every crevice. He explored the grounds and out-houses. From across a rickity pole fence, his own former home scowled with cob-webbed and

boarded windows. He found not the slightest evidence of a still on the Cooper premises.

Hurrying homeward up the dark path toward the town, the young man heard a voice call softly: "Paul" and Elsie stepped into the open.

"I want to tell you something," she said.

"What is it, Elsie?" Paul asked.

"It's a bad gang that's behind you, Paul. They don't care for you, really. They chose you because you are young and they think they can run you."

"You mean run the bootlegging, don't you?" said Paul.

"Chiefly," the girl replied. She looked at him with harassed eyes. "I love my father—but I am your friend, too. You see, I haven't forgotten the old days either. If my father's friends were only different!"

"Many of the men in your father's gang are not really bad—just mistaken and unenlightened. Don't worry, Elsie; my eyes are not entirely closed. And I thank you."

As they walked back down the dark path they chatted mostly of Elsie's father. The girl wondered about Gail and Paul; her heart was full of inquiries but she voiced only trivialities. She would not allow Paul to come closer to her home because of her father.

When Elsie had gone back into the house, Paul noiselessly climbed the pole fence which divided his old home from Pete's. Stealthily he made a circuit of the deserted place, examining the boarded windows. Both doors were firmly locked. The glass was broken from a small back window, and a board was nailed across it. He tugged at the board until he loosened and finally removed it. Then with difficulty Paul crawled through the small opening into the room. Groping about in the darkness he discovered that an old piece of carpet covered the center of the small room. Rolling this back, he located the trap door leading to the cellar. He crept down the creaky stairs, closing the lid above him. Here he dared to strike a match. A stone crock sat on a bench; in one of the corners, upon the floor were some bottles, a pan, and a large wooden spoon; in another corner of the ill-smelling place was a still. The law-breakers were bold, for the deserted cabin was no-man's-land.

Then Paul did a queer thing. Having once more crawled through the small window, he noiselessly carried bucketfuls of water from the pump and saturated the old pole fence and Pete's barn. Crawling back into the cabin, he poured a bottle of the moonshine upon the rug and threw a lighted match upon it. The old Reid cabin burned to the ground.

In the morning the sunshine streamed into the cellar, revealing the blackened still only partially destroyed.

Old Pete was furious. He telephoned Paul to come and see the ruins of his erstwhile home.

"Is this a sample of your law?" he asked.

"A man can drive a nest of serpents out of his own house if he pleases," Paul retorted.

So it spread about town that Paul Reid had set fire to the distillery.

That same day the mayor sent for Paul.

"You are bungling things like a two-year-old," he complained. "Why didn't you watch the place and catch the thieves?"

Paul had no reasonable explanation, and the indignant mayor accused him of protecting Pete's coterie because they were pushing him for mayor. Halliday's words burnt like a flame.

Ill-luck was pressing hard upon Paul, for within an hour he received a message from Elsie Cooper to meet her without fail at nine o'clock that night where the Stillwater road runs into the trail leading to the Hollow.

At nine o'clock, as Paul reached the lonely spot, Elsie stepped out of the black shadow of the trees.

"They're laying for you, Paul," the girl said. "They've got it in for you for burning that shack. You must carry a gun; if you don't your life isn't worth that." She snapped her strong fingers, and the report sounded loud on the still air.

"Why do you put yourself out so bravely to befriend me, Elsie?" Paul asked. The girl looked at him with drawn face.

"I am so miserable, Paul. Don't you think I know how you have had to fight to rise above the Hollow? I'm a girl; I couldn't rise—I didn't have the nerve. But you—oh, Paul, you are wonderful! And I—I love you for it!"

Reid stared down into Elsie's taut face. There was something unreal, ghost-like about her, swaying in the darkness. Suddenly she burst into tears. "I am very weak and very wretched!" she moaned. He placed his arm about her, attempting to comfort her. Finally her weeping became less violent. Neither of them noticed an automobile which rounded the curve and came straight towards them. The driver saw the pair and slowed down. Reid took a step away from Elsie, then stood gazing into the searching white light, which so blinded him that he did not recognize the occupants. They were Gail Halliday and her still-loitering seventh "Ship."

"Your hero, my lady!" derided Edward Hall.

"Mr. Reid has business which takes him into the Hollow at all hours," defended Gail.

"Do you know why he didn't catch Pete Cooper instead of burning his still?" asked Hall.

"No."

"It's quite commonly known in town. Of course, it would not reach your ears, but Reid is in love with Cooper's buxom Elsie."

So the morning mail brought Paul the following letter: "We agreed long ago that if one of us came to care for another, that one was to let the other know. I at least have enough honor to comply with

that sincere agreement. This evening I became engaged to the son of Governor Hall."

It was the eve of election. Worn out with campaigning and heart-sick with disappointment, Paul broke away from the crowd, and taking the path which led to the cemetery, climbed the quiet hill back of Stillwater. How small was the settlement below! For so little gain had he given his best efforts! Somewhere in the big world beyond Stillwater surely there was a corner where an earnest man would be welcome. Elsie loved him; she was weary of the Hollow and its willfulness. He would take her—somewhere; together they would forget Stillwater.

As he entered the small city of the dead, Paul felt that his portion was a bitter cup. He thought of the night of his return from the law school with his faith in Gail supreme. Now he bowed his head in utter anguish. There was not the ghost of a chance of his being elected on the morrow, for he had lost out with both parties: men were puzzled as to where he stood in regard to the liquor question; Mayor Halliday thought him a fool. If love survives the barrier called death, surely his mother, who had known so much earthly sorrow, yearned to help him. If wrong-doing laid an iron hand on innocent off-spring, surely right-doing held a torch of inspiration. To the God of things called "clean" Paul begged for vision and strength. The day's dying light tinted the still little lake which gave the town its name. A few stars shone faintly. Below in the town, lights began to flicker here and there. Suddenly strains of martial music, softened by the distance, broke the silence of earth and skies. Paul's eyes kindled, for from that quiet grave and the God of things "clean," a light had come, and his being was permeated with strength: rather would he suffer utter loneliness than desecrate the emotion he felt for Gail by accepting a lesser love; never could he desert a cause so long as it was right. He hurried down the path to the town; and forgetful of not having eaten since morning, made his way to the town hall, on the steps of which the band was now playing, "There'll be a hot time in the old town to-night."

Like many another such building, Stillwater's town hall served many purposes. It was the only structure of the town which could accommodate a large crowd, and the up-stairs was often used as a theatre, across the center of which were folding doors, which made possible two spacious rooms. Tonight the doors were closed and both rooms were filled with people. Someone was making a speech on his left, but his own meeting had not begun. Perhaps his absence had delayed it. Hurrying to the entrance, he recognized Edward Hall as the speaker on the other side. Paul heard: "Can you afford to vote for such a man, fellow citizens,—a man who sprang out of the dirt of the Hollow? A man who has neither the taste to appreciate, nor the sense to enforce clean measures?"

"Then will you-all tell us why you spent three thousand dollars

and up'ards campaigning fer him?" broke in a strident, unsteady voice. Paul pushed through the crowd and gained the doorway. Pete Cooper stood in the isle near the folding doors. Fires smoldered in his blood-shot eyes; his face was crimson; he stood unsteadily.

"Put the derelict out!" called the governor's son.

"No, you-all won't put me out," yelled Cooper, shaking an unsteady fist. "I'm just asking a civil question: Why do you spend money on a man and then throw mud at him?"

Evidently Pete had had a lapse of memory in regard to "keeping still."

"Open the folding doors and shove him in where he belongs!" shouted Hall.

"You-all won't shove me out o' here, young felleh," retorted Cooper, making a zig-zag but progressive way up the isle to the platform. "You-all didn't give us that money, huh? You turn-coat, you!"

"Shut up!"

"You want to silence me, eh? I got witnesses; I——"

Hall raised his fist and took a step down from the platform. Above the murmuring, exclaiming, and general noise of the excited people, Paul Reid's voice rang clearly from the doorway: "Mr. Hall." Edward Hall shot him a glance from lowering eyes. "Mr. Hall, may I remind you that Mr. Cooper is an old man,—and he's drunk."

"Then take him in where he belongs," shouted Hall.

"You-all said it, sonny," said Cooper, turning himself around with the help of the railing of the platform steps and beginning an uncertain return journey up the isle. "I go with Paul Reid."

There was a burst of laughter, which Cooper silenced with a wave of his hand: "Vote for our candidate, Mr. Paul Reid, gentl'men," he said with true Southern gallantry. "Mr. Paul Reid, who never forgets his friends."

A roar of laughter followed which Cooper could not silence; he made his way to the folding-doors with chest rigidly lifted, feeling that part of the glory of the universe had settled upon his uplifted head. It was Edward Hall's hand that finally brought silence.

"Vote for Mr. Paul Reid, gentlemen," he quoted derisively. "This has been a good illustration of the point I was making when interrupted. Under Reid's jurisdiction Stillwater would swim in Cooper's poison."

"If you give me half a moment I'll tell you where I stand on the liquor question," said Paul earnestly.

"By burning the stills and letting the culprits go free?" sneered Hall.

"I'll explain that, too."

"Your explanation would come too late: we have made our decision. Stillwater can't afford to choose as her highest executive a man who is afraid to come out into the open."

"I'll meet you on this or any other platform right now."

"You are on the wrong side of the door."

Paul turned and started towards the folding doors, but he was arrested by a slight noise from the audience. He turned. A small girl in a grey coat had risen from her seat near the stage.

"Mr. Chairman," she said musically, albeit a little unsteadily. It was Gail's voice.

"Miss Halliday," acknowledged the astonished son of the governor of Texas.

"I trust Mr. Hall will pardon me for reminding him that he is occupying my fatheh's chair. We all know my fatheh: he has always been a man of honor. I move, Mr. Chairman, that you accept my decision for my fatheh's; I move that the gentleman who desires to address us be allowed to speak."

She sat down in a tense silence, which was broken by Reid himself.

"Mr. Chairman," he said in a low voice, "I thank Miss Halliday heartily, but I am going into my own people. If anyone is interested he is welcome to come in."

Pete Cooper threw open the wide doors, and Paul's entrance was greeted enthusiastically. He was conscious of a great physical weakness, brought upon him by lack of food and by Gail's courageous little speech, which had almost completely unnerved him; but he took his place upon the platform. The band struck up "Behold, the conquering hero comes," and people from the other rally crowded the wide doorway. The chairman's voice sounded far away to Paul as he announced the chief speaker of the evening, Mr. Reid. Automatically Reid arose and stepped to the front of the platform. He moistened his dry lips, but no sound issued.

"Mr. Reid has the floor," piped a boy from the doorway, who a moment or two before had been thrilled by Paul's assurance and who now stood grinning at the man's tardy seizing of opportunity. The laugh which followed brought Paul to his senses.

"My friends," he began in a steady voice, and with a peculiar look in his eyes as if they were flooded with an inner light, "let us forget, for the moment, party ties which divide. We all love Texas; we all love Stillwater; we all want to see our state and our town progress. But there has never been a time in the world's history when all men could see alike. And so we have been torn by dissension, harsh of judgment, and unkind of speech; but down in our hearts we have all been striving for the same thing: to have our town alive, strong in integrity, and clean. We must stand behind the mayor of our city, for he is merely enforcing the laws which we ourselves have helped to make. We are not all converted to the present dry laws, and that's what makes the trouble. We like to go down into our cellars and bring up a bottle when our friends drop in. We think a frank drink or two is not so bad as hiding, law-breaking, and poison brewing. But that's the vision of the present,—we must look ahead. These dry

laws, which seem harsh today, will establish permanent good tomorrow. You have wondered about me and this question. Now I'll clear it up once and for all: I despise liquor. Do you think I have forgotten my childhood? Cannot some of you remember it? I would give my right hand now if the giving would quench the thirst of men. But the poison we make is worse than the thirst; and the money we make from moonshine is tainted."

He paused a moment, thoughtful. There was not a movement in the audience. Then he went on: "You have wondered why I burned my old shack. Some of you know what Pete Cooper's family did for me when I was a luckless kid. I'll take care of Pete Cooper all his life, just as I would my own father. But here I sound a solemn warning that from tomorrow on there will be no mercy shown bootleggers, for tomorrow you choose between the present mayor and myself: it's one of us for you, by your own election, and we stand together like a rock on this proposition. And that doesn't mean that the Hollow will be persecuted. Pete was right when he said I stand by my friends. But the Hollow must be made clean. Someone spoke tonight of the 'dirt' of that section. We must sweep the dirt out of the cabins into the gardens—for dirt that the sun shines upon, and that flowers grow in, and into which we lower our dead, is clean. A few hours ago I thought that I would leave Stillwater; but I see differently now. Stillwater needs every loyal citizen, and I'm not going to be a quitter. If Mayor Halliday goes in tomorrow, I'll stay right here and stand one hundred percent behind him and help make Stillwater clean."

When the cheers were over, when the other speakers had waxed hoarse with their eloquence, when the band had taken its stirring airs out to serenade the unstirred stars, Paul sought Gail. She had thrown off her coat and was leaning against the platform where a boxed oleander tree breathed deliciously. Every line of her slender figure bespoke weariness. She smiled as Paul approached.

"I wish to thank you, Gail. I think no woman ever did a braver thing for a man."

"I think it very little," she answered. "I could give—" She stopped, but their eyes met in the old frank look of devotion.

"May I walk home with you, Gail?"

Stiffening, the girl changed completely.

"No; Elsie would miss you," she said.

"Elsie?" As she made no answer either by word or look he repeated the name, and finally asked, "What do you mean?"

"I mean just what my own eyes led me to know. Mr. Hall, are you ready?"

Edward Hall turned his dark face to Paul. As he helped the weary girl into her coat, his action expressed no tenderness. In the greatest agony he had ever felt, Paul watched the pair go—for he could not protect Gail, and she was too tender, too sensitive, too rich in ability not to meet sorrow in that contemplated marriage. The

young man had forgotten time and its flight, when he became aware of a presence near, and turning he looked into the keen eyes of Mayor Halliday.

"I heard part of your speech, Paul," he drawled. "I would like to shake your hand."

The men shook cordially.

"United we stand," laughed the mayor, but Paul's gloomy mood did not alter.

"I—er—saw you talking to my daughter," said Halliday, turning his eyes away from Paul's face.

"Indeed?" came the reply.

"Er—yes."

That seemed to end the unsatisfactory communication; but Paul suddenly turned his direct gaze upon the older man.

"Perhaps it shows my lack of sense for me to expect anyone to understand the spirit in which I am going to express myself. I reckon I am just as selfish about my love as any other man. But I could lose Miss Halliday with far better grace if she had chosen a more promising 'Ship.' "

"You refer to the son of the governor of Texas?"

"I do. He sprang from a clean house, but that does not insure any man's soul from becoming besmirched. We are all the children of God; but sometimes that relationship fails to exhibit itself where one would naturally look for it, just as divinity sometimes crops up in unexpected places."

"You are still the Rock of Gibraltar regarding Gail?" asked the girl's father.

"I shall always be," Paul replied.

"Well, I never did pay much attention to that 'Elsie' story. I'm going home and thrash this whole thing out with Gail. Never can sleep election nights any way."

The votes of the little town clinging to the low Texan hills scarcely reached, colored and white, to two thousand. When they were counted next day, the majority had been cast for Paul Reid. Gail telephoned congratulations. "My fatheh wants to see you," she added.

There was silence on Paul's end of the wire.

"Are you there?"

"Yes," answered Reid.

"Paul, I have made some right good punch—harmless, you know. Perhaps you could suggest it sometimes as a substitute. And I have some sewing here that Elsie Cooper could do. And, Paul, I've been wondering if we could start a night school down in the Hollow, Paul?"

"Yes."

"I think you'd better come oveh."

The future mayor of Stillwater went.

Ricks College, Rexburg, Idaho

MESSAGES FROM THE MISSIONS

"The field is white already to harvest; and lo, he that thrusteth in his sickle with his might, the same layeth up in store that he perisheth not, but bringeth salvation to his soul."

Branch Officers and Missionaries in Binghamton, New York

We are glad to report that missionary work in the city of Binghamton has been very good the past winter, as there are between ten and twenty who attend Church regularly that are not members. We have two or three who have applied to be baptized at the coming conference. The success of the Winter's work is partly due to the splendid support that the branch officers have given to the missionaries. Sister Van Kampen has just been released to return to her home in the west, after laboring in Binghamton for some sixteen months. Several parties have been given in her honor, and some of her friends have given her some very nice parting gifts. We wish her success in her future work. Sister Alta Fugal has been assigned to take Sister Van Kampen's place, and we know she will like it here. We all take pleasure in expressing our appreciation for the *Era*, as it is a great help to the missionary cause.

Front row, left to right: Leyonna Van Kampen; Sidney A. Bartlett, Branch president; Leo S. Holbrook, conference president; Zina Kunz. Back row: James T. Pyper; Elizabeth Bartlett, Relief Society; Henry Huber, Supt. Sunday school; Mary A. Foster, Y. L. M. I. A.; Rollin E. Gardner.

Conference in Montreal

At a recent conference held at Montreal, many friends and investigators were present at the meetings. Many are opening up their homes, and the elders are reaching them with the gospel message. A Scout organization was effected a short time ago under direction of the elders, and a very fine work is being done with these boys, and their parents are taking much interest in

this kind of work. Quite a number recently have applied for baptism, and within a very short time we believe that more will join the fold of Christ. —*Joseph Quinney, Jr.*, president Canadian mission.

MONTREAL CONFERENCE, CANADIAN MISSION

Standing, left to right: Herman P. Hatch, Charles Ursenback, William C. Cutforth, E. Pratt Overson, John L. Pincock. Seated: W. Lyman Crocket, mission secretary; Joseph Quinney, Jr., mission president; Lawren I. Meldrum, conference president.

First Meeting of the French Conference

On March 4, 1926, the first priesthood meeting of the newly formed French conference of the French mission was held at Nimes, France. The missionaries bore testimonies; and explained their experiences during the preceeding few weeks in opening up their various new fields of labor: the worries of finding quarters, getting sanction of police authorities, meeting new types of people, and finding new friends. The new conference comprises the cities of Lyons, St. Etienne, Grenoble, Nimes, Toulouse, Marseille and Toulon. It is the desire of President Christensen to hold each succeeding missionary meeting in a different city of the conference, so the elders may have the advantage of visiting the various portions of this attractive section of France. After the conference meetings, the elders made a tour of Nimes and enjoyed viewing the many places of historic interest. The elders of the conference Francaise have great hopes for the growth of the new branches, and we believe the field is ripe for the sickle. Our average number of hours tracting in February was 59; though a good record, we mean to surpass it.—*Verle N. Fry.*

MISSIONARIES OF THE FRENCH CONFERENCE

Front row, left to right: Almon L. Brown, Ogden; William W. Terry, Ogden; Klenner F. Sharp, Salt Lake; Wayne W. Huish, Salt Lake; Milton L. Christensen, conference president, Salt Lake; Harold S. Cole, Salt Lake; Leonard Robbins, Salt Lake; Easton C. Woolley, Salt Lake; Theodore Robinson, Beaver; Harold G. Clark, Morgan. Back Row: J. Wesley Hiltbrand, Pocatello; Samuel H. Cortez, Ogden; O. Preston Robinson, Farmington; Verle N. Fry, Logan.

Purpose of God in Creation Discussed

Harold G. Clark, president of the West Pennsylvania conference, reports that conference held on March 7, in Pittsburgh, at the Moose Temple rooms. There was a total of 652 in attendance at the three sessions during the day. Four branches have been organized, and the organization of another is considered. Three baptisms were performed during conference time. President B. H. Roberts and Sister Margaret Roberts were in attendance. Sister Roberts spoke to more than sixty women of the conference, at a 1:30 session, delivering a valuable message on the "Duties of Women" and their problems. It was, perhaps, her last appearance before the public, as she died the morning of March 13. At the Sunday evening session, Prof. Roswell H. Johnson, of the University of Pittsburgh, spoke on "The Eugenic Aspect of 'Mormonism.'" Prof. Johnson is co-author of *Applied Eugenica*, a text book used in many colleges. He also taught in the summer session of the University of Utah last year. The Professor was very frank in his statements of the "Mormon" people, and said in part: "'Mormonism' is bound to grow. You have a low death rate, high birth rate, high marriage rate and good, intelligent quotient. When we have all these characteristics, we can readily see why a people, if these qualities persist, are assured of a steady growth." President Roberts delivered a powerful discourse on the "Purpose of God in the Creation of Man." He said that the eugenic aspect of "Mormonism" is not the chief end of its existence. He explained in splendid manner the purpose of God in our earth life as given in the restored gospel, which is to bring to pass the immortality and eternal life of man, showing that, while necessary and desirable, merely bequeathing to the next

generation a good body and sound family characteristics is not the end of our existence. Life here is good only in terms of extension of that life in the hereafter. "Adam fell that men might be, and men are that they might have

MISSIONARIES OF WEST PENNSYLVANIA

joy," and furthermore, "spirit and element, inseparably connected, receive a fulness of joy." Twenty-one missionaries are now laboring in West Pennsylvania.

Study Music at Home

There are in the Australian mission an average of about forty missionaries. Nine out of every ten of these men have been blessed with voices capable of singing the songs of Zion in an effective and impressive way; however, because of a lack of training and experience in music, most of the singers are not very proficient in this phase of missionary work, and baring three or four men in this field at one time, the other musical ability lies dormant, and the elders possessing it frequently regret the opportunities they missed at home to develop this God-given talent. Having labored here now for two years, the correspondent calls attention to the fact that, if at home the young men would impress upon their minds the importance of music in missionary work, where they might take advantage of the numerous opportunities, it would help their efficiency in the missionary field very much. At home our boy scout and M. I. A. choruses, high-school glee clubs, and ward choirs, afford excellent opportunities to learn to appreciate and to apply music, and the young man who avails himself of these opportunities will find, when he reaches the missionary field, that he has many advantages over his companions who have neglected them.—*President of the Adelaide conference, South Australian mission.*

Stuttgart Conference Divided

At a conference held in Nurnberg, Germany, March 20 and 21, 1926, the Stuttgart conference, heretofore one of the largest conferences of the Swiss-German mission, was divided into two conferences; the branches in Stuttgart, Karlsruhe, Esslingen, Feurbach, Pforzheim, Heilbronn and Reut-

lingen forming one conference, and retaining the name Stuttgart; and the branches in Munich, Nurnberg, Furth, Ulm and Augsburg making up the new conference, and receiving the name Munich. Elder Charles Bowman was appointed president of the Stuttgart conference, and Elder Royal W. Hatch president of the Munich conference, President Durk of the old Stuttgart conference having been honorably released. Mission President Hugh J. Cannon was present and presided over the large missionary meeting on the 20th. On the 21st, Sunday school, afternoon, and evening meetings were held, and all were well attended by both members and friends. The missionaries spent the 22nd in visiting some of Nurnberg's historic places.—*Charles Bowman, president Stuttgart conference.*

MISSIONARIES OF STUTTGART AND MUNICH CONFERENCES

Front, left to right: Wayne D. Cannon; F. Artell Smith, mission secretary; Hugh J. Cannon, president of Swiss and German mission; Erwin J. Druk, outgoing president of Stuttgart conference; Nolan Mitchell; Royal W. Hatch, incoming president of Munich conference; Charles Bowman, incoming president of Stuttgart conference. Second row: J. A. Rinderknecht, Joseph Geis, Albert R. Bowen, Myron Bangerter, Kenneth Kingdon, Eugene Anderson, Carl Hein, Walter P. Faber, Herschel V. Garff. Third row: Joseph B. Binngeli, D. Herschel Loosli, Hyrum Reichmann, Julius C. Billeter, Elias Gardner, Quentin Cannon, Milford T. Herzog, Johannes Marguardt. Top row: David C. Spencer, Leonard Chatwin, Stuart Gallacher, John Huefner, T. Kenneth Biesinger.

"Mormonism" Leads to Salvation

Elder M. Kenneth Rogerson reports marked advancement in the Stettin conference, Germany. "Our many Saints and leaders journeying to Zion are being replaced by new converts. By this means the work is continually advancing. Baptisms were not so numerous as in the previous year, but with new friends we have been able to prevent a falling away in numbers. Traveling missionaries are reaching every home in the land. The country work is found extremely interesting; the people seem anxious to test our religious doctrine, realizing that something is lacking in their old faith.

We have the champion book-agent squad in Germany. We placed Books of Mormon in five hundred homes, together with many other valuable Church works. More than four hundred persons were in attendance at our Sunday school during our recent conference, on January 24, with six hundred persons at our evening meeting, two hundred fifty of whom were earnest investigators. President Fred Tadje spoke on 'Mormonism' as the way that leads to salvation. The Stettin choir of forty-two members, under direction of Elder Preston A. Watkins, sang the much praised oratorio, *The Vision,* by Evan Stephens. The choir sang this wonderful oratorio in a very inspirational manner that went to the hearts of the people who heard. The conference choir and the children's choir sang the well-known anthem, *Hosannah,* with spirit and effectiveness. We thank the *Improvement Era* for the help we receive through it, for it is a valuable instrument in assisting us with plans, thoughts, and ideas by which we can better ourselves and the work that we have in hand."

MISSIONARIES LABORING IN STETTIN

Back row, left to right: Wallace L. Jones, Roy; Richard E. Behling, Ferron; Eugene L. Smith, Thornton, Idaho; Forrest C. Holt, Salt Lake City; Lindsay C. Parker, Springville; M. Kenneth Rogerson, Salt Lake City. Middle row: Horace P. Beesley, Konigsberg conference, Salt Lake City; Russel F. Rodgers, Salt Lake City; Albert N. Muhlestein, Provo; Darrell Crockett, Berlin conference, Logan; Preston A. Watkins, Brigham City; R. John Peery, Porterville, California; Ewald Malzalin, Salt Lake City; Richard E. Mollinet, Montpelier, Idaho. Front row: Rulon J. Ballard; Rowland H. Merrill, conference president; Fred Tadje, mission president; Robert C. Sloan, conference president, Berlin conference, all of Salt Lake City.

Many Testimonies Impress

Elder George R. Burton, conference president of the Maryland conference, in reporting the semi-annual gathering held in Baltimore, February 27 and 28, says: "In one session of the conference nineteen missionaries bore their testimonies of the gospel. This impressed those who were in attendance very much; to hear so many stand up and bear witness to the diety of Jesus Christ and the authenticity of the restored gospel. The conference, altogether, was an inspiration to all, and was well attended. President and Sister Roberts and Congressman D. B. Colton were the main speakers."

MARYLAND CONFERENCE MISSIONARIES

Standing, left to right: Wm. T. Shaw, Wallace L. Peterson, Cummings, Doris Love, Ezra C. Lundahl, A. J. D. Schetselaar, R. Sudweeks, Thomas C. Hunt, Glenn M. Kempton, Corom B. Holt, Lyle Shelton, M. V. Hansen, H. B. Foutz, Wm. M. Packer. Sitting: Lavon R. Bates: Mrs. Ruth J. Clawson; Dr. T. A. Clawson, Jr., president Baltimore branch; Sister B. H. Roberts; Mission President B. H. Roberts: George R. Burton, conference president: Alda Fugal. Front: Earl V. Larsen, J. Robert Hatch.

Many Books of Mormon Sold

Elder J. Douglas Swenson, Stockholm, Sweden, sends an account of a visit to Eskilstuna, April 3, 1926, by himself and Elder C. A. Soderberg, president of the Stockholm conference. He went in a Ford and declares what a change it was to ride once more. "The Ford felt like a Packard to me. The country was beautiful; pine trees all around, and Spring just bursting in on every side." At Eskilstuna they met Elder Fagergren, who is the champion Book of Mormon seller of the mission. He has sold upwards of three hundred in the last year. An excellent fast meeting was held with the Saints, and at 5 o'clock a general meeting, with a large number of investigators present. Swenson is known by his saxophone music, and the day following their meeting the elders visited the sick and the old people, and those who were too feeble to come out to the meeting. They played and sang, and this cheered them. Another meeting was held at 2 o'clock at which many outsiders were present. After that meeting, the choir members had to leave, but President Soderberg and Elder Swenson remained another day in Eskilstuna, "one of the prettiest, cleanest and most orderly towns I have been in." Leaving Eskilstuna, they went to Flen where they put up for the night with a family named Olson. They held a cottage meeting that evening, with thirteen persons present. They sold two Books of Mormon to people who were interested in their message. On their return they visited several towns, holding meetings at different places, and selling quite a large number of Books of Mormon. They spent three days in Norrkoping visiting the Saints. Also they visited the International Harvester plant at that place, and a large weaving factory. The following Sunday they held a well attended meeting, every seat in the hall being taken.

They reached Stockholm at noon the next day. "The week," he concludes, "will always be remembered as one of the best times in our lives. Wherever we went we were received kindly and everything possible was done to show us a good time. The work is progressing nicely here, and all the missionaries are happy in their labors. Quite a large number of people are investigating the gospel. We appreciate the *Era*, its stories and uplifting articles, which are of great worth and benefit to us."

On our way.

After the Cottage meeting.

Out in the woods.

Many New Friends Are Found

The missionaries of the Northern Illinois conference met at Blooimgton March 6, in conference, where President John H. Taylor delivered an inspiring talk on the "Divinity of the Mission of the Prophet Joseph Smith," and gave many instructions also to the missionaries on their work. An excellent attendance of Saints and investigators were present both on Saturday and Sunday. The people have a warmer feeling toward us, many friends are being made, and considerable amount of literature and a number of books are being placed in the homes of the people.

ELDERS OF NORTH ILLINOIS CONFERENCE

Standing, left to right: Geo. L. Biesinger; Gerald Frand; James R. Atkinson, conference president; John H. Taylor, mission president; D. E. Bishop; Blaine C. Larson; Dewane M. Kelly. Seated: Alton Jones, F. L. Spillman, Reed Wm. Magledy, C. S. Van Leuven, D. Sorenson, Lyman Call, and E. W. Peterson.

People Hospitable and Receptive

Elders D. J. Harmon and J. Lloyd Hyde, Waycross, Georgia, Florida conference, send greetings from the "Sunny South." They are laboring in a city of about twenty-three thousand people, noted for its coldness and indifference toward the "Mormon" elders for a long time past, but they have met with marked success among the business men especially. "The people of the South are generally very hospitable and receptive. The elders are grateful for the hospitality extended to them, and are laboring faithfully to win in the cause of the gospel. Evangelists and a woman healer have been holding the famous Georgian tent meetings for two months past, and are converting thousands of people. As soon as one tent goes, another one comes. Notwithstanding these "isms" and the cunning craftiness of men. the modest truth will be selected by those who love God. The elders have been able to open many new homes for cottage meetings, and have many sincere people earnestly investigating the glorious truths of the gospel. Cottage meetings held among investigators of the city have been quite successful. We certainly appreciate the *Era* and the part it plays in this great work; it is a source of inspiration and encouragement to us."

Left to right: James G. Kerr, Idaho Falls, Idaho; Alma Andrus, Spanish Fork, Utah, D. J. Harmon, Roy, Utah; J. Lloyd Hyde, Metropolis, Nevada.

Bright Prospects for South Texas Conference

The future of this conference looks very promising. We expect to baptize many worthy people before the close of 1926. During the winter months our energies have been devoted chiefly to the rural districts, where we have found a most friendly spirit and have been treated with great hospitality. The elders in the country districts have disposed of an unusually large number of Books of Mormon and other Church literature, which we think will bear fruit in due time. We have made good use of a stereopticon machine, by which we have shown many slides portraying scenes around Salt Lake and the beauty spots of Utah. Traveling over the conference with this machine, we have been able to attract large crowds and have had splendid opportunities to preach the gospel to many people whom we couldn't reach by the ordinary methods, people who have had only

distorted notions concerning Utah and the "Mormon" people. We greatly appreciate the *Improvement Era,* and derive a great deal of pleasure and inspiration from reading the splendid articles contained therein. It has been our policy, after reading the *Era,* to distribute our copies among the Saints and investigators of this conference, and we feel we are placing the very best reading matter obtainable before them, which fact they also appreciate.—*Wm. H. Allen, president of the South Texas conference.*

MISSIONARIES OF SOUTH TEXAS CONFERENCE

Front row, left to right: D. O. Bigelow; S. O. Bennion, mission president; Joseph J. Larkin; Nathan H. Gardner; Carl Lovett, local; J. B. Kirkpatrick, local. Second row: Joseph R. Lewis; H. LeRoy Frisby; John E. Ireland; Donna Durrant; Luella Anderson; Wm. N. Gardner; J. Elmer Moss. Third row: Louis J. Bjorklund; S. R. Spencer, former conference president; Harriet Larkin; Lafayette Denning; Almon G. Clegg; Emma Gardner; John C. Sandberg; Wm. H. Allen, conference president.

The Message of "Mormonism"

President Rulon D. Hepworth, East Pennsylvania conference, says that the rallying cry of the Eastern States mission is "Emmanuel," interpreted meaning "God with us." The guide for the missionaries is the meaning of a mission as follows: "A mission in the Eastern States means the absolute consecration of oneself to the service of God and his fellowman; with all light mindedness, sin and folly eliminated." The obedience to this rule has brought rich rewards. On April 11 President B. H. Roberts outlined the message of "Mormonism" in a speech from the forum of the crowded auditorium of the Universalist Church of our Father in Reading, Pa.

The Reading Times reported it as being the first open church discussion of its kind to be held in this country according to Rev. L. Griswold Williams. The event was a great success and a wonderful opportunity to preach the gospel. "The Lord was with us," President Roberts afterwards said in talking to the missionaries. After the meeting, fifteen Books of Mormon were sold and more than one thousand tracts and pamphlets were distributed to about four hundred people who attended the meeting.

MISSIONARIES LABORING IN EAST PENNSYLVANIA CONFERENCE

Front row, left to right: Golden F. Layton, Layton, Utah, released; VaLois South, Salt Lake City; Maude Lemon, Hurricane, Utah; released; Rulon D. Hepworth, Grover, Wyoming, conference president East Pennsylvania; Hortense Greene, Layton, Utah; Fred L. Markham, Provo, Utah, president Brooklyn conference (visiting); Conrad S. Dahl, West Jordan, Utah. Center row: Charles H. Williams, Rigby, Idaho; Walter Rowsell, Salt Lake City, short-term; Ira C. Fletcher, Magrath, Alberta, Canada, short-term; James A. Hind, Smithfield, Utah, short-term; Douglass Hooper, Hooper, Utah, short-term; Joseph F. Palmer, Sandy, Utah, short-term; Enos C. Terry, Ririe, Idaho, short-term; Bruce E. Johnson, Cowley, Wyoming. Back row: Delles W. Manning, Farmington, Utah; Artie U. Miner, Provo, Utah; John R. Lemon, Salt Lake City; H. Glade Derrick, Salt Lake City; Junius B. Murray, Wellsville, Utah; Francis S. Sevey, Los Angeles, California.

Many Hear the Gospel

President Clifford L. Madsen, Fairmont, West Virginia, Eastern States mission, writes that the Lord has been with the elders in that district day and night, and wonderful faith-promoting evidences of the sacredness of their calling to preach the gospel have been made manifest. Many investigators and Saints have called the elders to administer to them, and they have obtained instant relief. In ten homes at Moundsville, West Va., Elders Peterson and Doney have established cottage meetings. Forty cottage meetings were held by Elders Madsen and Curtis in Cumberland, assisted by Sisters Jacobsen and Holbrook. One hundred are investigating and many

have applied for baptism. Each evening a new invitation comes from someone attending to come to their home and hold a meeting. "We acknowledge the help given us by the Lord in preparing the way for this wonderful work. West Virginia conference, north group, sends greetings and love to all missionaries, friends and Saints who read the *Era.*"

Front row, left to right: Joseph H. Seeley, Hayden; Geniel Jacobson, Manti; R. H. Wood, former conference president, Liberty, Idaho; B. H. Roberts, mission president; Lucille Holbrook, Salt Lake City; S. Linton Claridge, Safford, Arizona; Orin N. Follett, Logan. Back row: Louis H. Petersen, released, Hyrum; Clifford L. Madsen, conference president, Charleston; Golden H. Black, Delta; Wallace S. Murdock, Beaver, Utah; Horace M. Doney, Franklin, Idaho; H. Vern Browning, Ogden; Owen G. Macdonald, Mesa, Arizona; A. Brentnall Curtis, Payson; J. A. Albright, local, Cumberland, Md.; F. W. Romeril, Raymond, Canada.

One Hundred Baptisms in Fifteen Months

From Pearson H. Corbett, Independence conference, Missouri, we learn that the missionaries of that conference are richly enjoying their labors. Their ranks have been made larger by the addition of eight short-term missionaries, making a total at present of forty. The conference embraces twenty-seven counties in the western part of Missouri, including such historical counties as Jackson, Clay, Caldwell and Davis. The old feeling of antagonism against the Latter-day Saints has entirely disappeared, and is replaced by a friendly spirit, manifested by a new generation, and in most communities the literature is readily received. Across the Missouri river north of Independence, where our people as exiles were driven into Clay county, a school district has been opened for holding meetings. People have traveled as far as eight miles to attend. In the past fifteen months there have been one hundred baptisms, an evidence of the presence of the blood of Israel among the people. Eighty baptisms were performed in 1925. The activities of the missionaries so far this year indicate promises for a greater number of baptisms. Five active branches, with local branch teachers and officers, are cooperating with the missionaries in spreading the gospel message, and the laborers are

putting forth every effort to work while the day lasts. "We thank the Lord for crowning their efforts with success."

MISSIONARIES INDEPENDENCE CONFERENCE

Front row, left to right: Amy Anderson, Tremonton, Utah, released; Sister Evans, Canadian mission; Margaret Vine, mission bookkeeper, Salt Lake City; Helen Murdock, Salt Lake City. Second row: Luella Anderson, Ogden; Martha Nelson, Salt Lake City; Florence Miller, Provo; Edith Willoughby, Coalville, Utah; George Abraham, Byron, Wyoming, released; Mae Wolfley, Etna, Wyoming; Ebba Bills, Riverton, Utah, released; Delso Gough, Glendale, Cal., stenographer. Third row: G. L. Taylor, conference president, Ogden; N. L. Larson, Logan, released; W. T. Young, Blue Water, New Mexico, released; Sister Charlotte Bennion, president mission Relief Societies; S. O. Bennion, mission president; P. H. Corbett, former conference president, Provo; E. B. Williams, Cedar City, Utah; W. O. Anderson, Preston, Idaho. Fourth row: Kathyrn Christianson, Fountain, Utah; Avarilla Bond, Kirtland, New Mexico; Donna Durrant, Provo, Utah; Sister W. O. Anderson, Preston, Idaho; Eugenia Vawdrey, Draper, Anna Boss, mission clerk, Logan, Utah; Ruth Horne, Mesa, Arizona; Asenath Smith, Salt Lake City. Fifth row: Fred Mickelson, Salina; W. G. Raymond, Logan, released; Glenn Schmidt, Sandy; Theron Griffen, Escalante, released; Thomas Allred, Talmage, Utah; John E. Ireland, Independence, Mo.; Otis Nielson, Fairview, Utah; Emery B. Nelson, Blackfoot, Idaho. Sixth row: Arden M. Thaxton, Los Angeles, Cal.; Franklin G. Tolman, released; Niels J. Hansen, released; Joseph F. Catmull, Rupert, Idaho; Lafayette Wright, Pleasant Grove, Utah, released; Leland W. Rawson, Carey, Idaho; Hilmer L. Larson, mission secretary, Sandy Utah.

The Sixth Annual Farmers' Encampment will be held July 19 to 22 at the Agricultural College, Logan, Utah. The attendance at this annual fete has steadily increased until last year's total passed the three thousand mark. Reports from county agents, so the word comes to the *Era*, and from other field workers, indicate that the attendance this year will easily establish a new record. A tent city will be erected to accommodate approximately 200 families from distant parts. The time from 6 o'clock in the morning till 10 o'clock at night is filled with lectures, demonstrations, excursions, contests, games, movies, swimming, concerts and community singing—a delightful combination of recreation, entertainment and education.

The Horse Races

[The *Era* is told by the author of this poem that the words were prompted by a conversation between two Salt Lake business men whom the writer overheard during a visit to Utah's Fair. The reader will note that the "blue" business man thought that "the machine is a disgrace to Utah," in which we heartily agree; but the question of his own ethics and his own action, and the actions of thousands of "blue" men just like him, who go to take a chance, is not treated in the poem, and we have our own opinion of this kind. They are as bad as the worst.—Editors.]

I took a trip out to Utah's fair,
Where her choicest products are shown,
I saw fruit and grain and vegetables,
The best that could be grown.
I tasted candy that excels
Wherever it is sold,
I saw exquisite art-work,
That I marveled to behold.

I wanted a doll for my baby,
For a dime the big wheel I could spin;
And, being quite lucky at chance games,
I felt very sure I'd win.
But I found, to my great disappointment,
The wheel was a thing of the past,
That it, along with the slot-machine,
Had been stopped by the law at last.

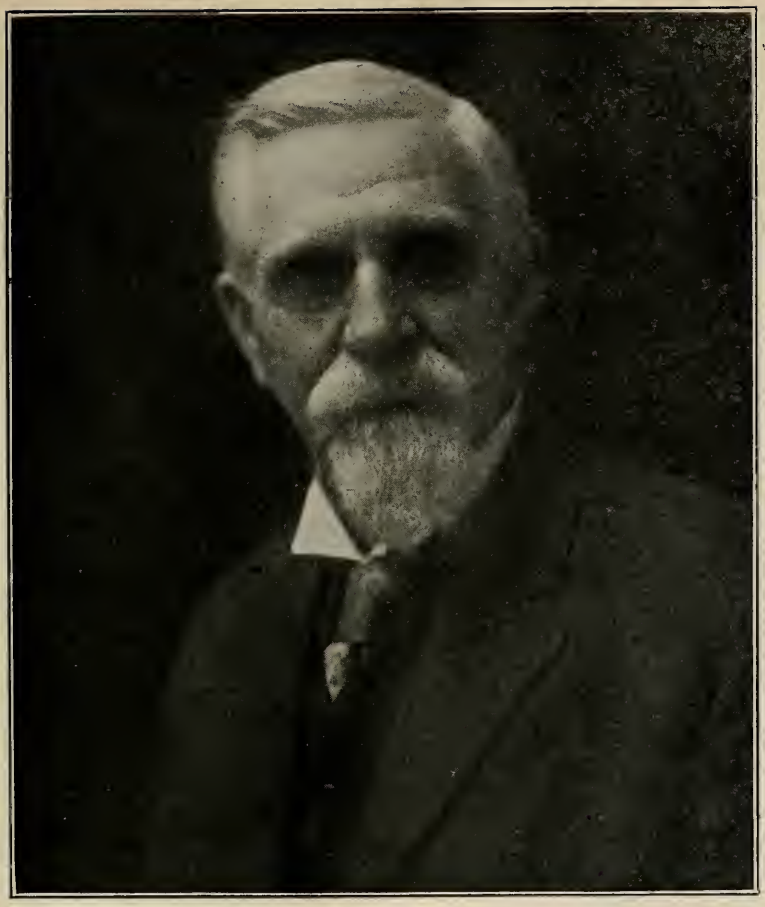
I wended my way to the grandstand,
My heart swelled with joy, I was thrilled,
As I looked at the sleek, glossy racers,
My fears of the future were stilled.
I wagered five dollars, it brought me back ten;
I bet that on "Lizzyett," it doubled again!
How long I had waited for just such a day!
When fortune would turn and let things come my way!

I had several crisp bills
Tucked away near my heart
Which I owed on installments,
But with them I could part,
For I knew they'd return
And bring back many more,
I felt certain I'd win,
Just the same as before.

But alas, sad to tell, when the racing was through,
My castles had fallen; I was discouraged, blue!
When I stepped on the street car
And reached for my fare,
I hadn't a penny, my pockets were bare!

I wish that the officers, in going about,
In an effort to close
Games of chance on their route,
Would just take a look at that horse-racing game
That took all my money, and put me to shame.
The fair was a credit to Utah I ween,
But the state is disgraced by such a machine.

Idaho Falls, Idaho. FANNY G. BRUNT.



JOSEPH ALVA WEST

Former Assistant General Secretary and Assistant General Superintendent
Y. M. M. I. A.

JOSEPH ALVA WEST

In the passing of Joseph Alva West, Ogden, April 17, 1926, the Church lost a faithful worker; the State, a leading citizen; and the Mutual Improvement Associations, a true friend.

About two years before the Y. M. M. I. A. was generally organized, in 1875, a young people's association was established in Ogden City by Elder Franklin D. Richards of the Council of the Twelve, April 20, 1873. This society continued under the guidance of President Richards until it was more fully organized, with a full set of officers, on June 15, 1877, when Joseph A. West was chosen president, with David Kay and Moroni Poulter as counselors; Ephraim T. Meyers and Robert T. Harris, secretaries; Willard Farr, treasurer;

and William James, librarian. President West, during this period, held weekly meetings with the young people, provided prominent men as lecturers, interesting programs, socials and entertainments, also encouraged testimony, oratory and essay writing; and on November 7 issued *The Amateur*, the first local Y. M. M. I. A. paper published in the Church, with himself as editor. It ran for two years, and was supplanted in October, 1879, by *The Contributor*, a general magazine for the societies of the whole Church, which in turn was succeeded in November, 1897, by the *Improvement Era*.

On Sunday, the 21st day of April, 1878, following the organization, May, 1877, of the Weber stake by President Brigham Young, a special meeting of the young men of Ogden and Weber county was held in the tabernacle, for the purpose of selecting a stake central committee to preside over the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations throughout the stake which then consisted of the whole of Weber county. Elder Junius F. Wells, president of the Territorial Central Committee, stated the object of the meeting and gave an address on "Mutual Improvement," remarking that the duties of the board about to be organized would be to have a general supervision of all the associations in the county, and be the medium through which any instruction the authorities of the Church should wish to impart might be readily conveyed to each society. At this meeting Joseph A. West was chosen superintendent, with A. C. Brown and L. A. Herrick, counselors; Washington Jenkins and C. C. Richards, secretaries; Z. Ballantyne, treasurer. This was the first central board organization of the Y. M. M. I. A. in the Weber stake. Following this organization, the old association, which had heretofore been organized in Ogden, was divided into four, one in each of the city wards, and officers chosen for them. The members of the Central Committee of Salt Lake at this time also traveled to various settlements in the county and organized associations throughout the Weber stake. This practically marked the beginning of the Y. M. M. I. A. in Weber stake, embracing then the whole county. April, 1928, could well be chosen as the 50th anniversary of the organization, and could appropriately be selected by the Weber, North Weber, Ogden, and Mount Ogden stakes, as the date for a grand union celebration in honor of the event.

The work was thereafter followed up by President Joseph A. West and his associates in Weber county until January 15, 1882, when circumstances compelled him to resign the position of superintendent of the Young Men of the stake, and a new stake organization was effected at a quarterly conference held in Ogden on that date. President Wilford Woodruff, Elders Joseph F. Smith, Moses Thatcher and Junius F. Wells were present on the occasion, all of whom commended highly the excellent work that Superintendent West had done in the Association during the time of his incumbency. The second Central

Committee was then chosen: Edward H. Anderson, Superintendent Alonzo Herrick and Zechariah Ballantyne, counselors; Angus T. Wright and Alma D. Chambers, secretaries; John L. Wilson, treasurer.

Later Joseph A. West was appointed Assistant General Superintendent and was associated with Elder Junius F. Wells in the distribution of *The Contributor,* also assistant to General Secretary Nephi W. Clayton, and continued his labors in the general organization until 1892. From that time on, until his death, he took great interest in the organization, and contributed freely from time to time for its publications.

We have not space here more than merely to name a few of the activities in which he engaged. He took great interest in the early militia organization, and was appointed Major of Cavalry in the Fall of 1870. In 1878, he purchased the *Ogden Junction* and made it a lively morning paper and later established the *Leader* in Logan. He was largely responsible for the building of the Ogden City water works, supplying the city with water from the Ogden river. He became a proficient civil engineer, and was Deputy Territorial Surveyor; surveyor of Ogden and Weber county; engineer in charge of construction on the Utah Central, Utah Northern, and headed expeditions as chief engineer for projecting lines of railways in many parts of the West. In 1890 he built the Sumpter Valley railway, for which he was chief engineer, and became secretary and general superintendent.

He was ordained a High Priest in 1877, and was a member of the Weber stake High Council. He filled a mission to England in 1882. He worked persistently and constantly in the quorums of the Priesthood. He was a member of the Territorial legislature in 1885.

In 1914 he retired from the practice of his profession as civil engineer, and afterwards spent his time in writing, and in laboring in local Church work, and in the temples for his kindred dead. A number of his articles have appeared in the *Improvement Era,* and in other publications.

Elder West's ancestors settled in New England in the sixteenth century. His father was Bishop Chauncy W. West, and his mother was Mary Hoagland. He was born in Salt Lake City on September 12, 1851. He possessed lively initiative and splendid vision, was active and alert, enthusiastic for new and improved movements, a man of wide interest, high ideals, refined character and public spirit. He has a large family of men and women of high standing in the community in which they live, all well educated. Joseph A. West was a gentleman of culture, a leader among men, a genuine Latter-day Saint, a wonderful father, faithful and enterprising. His struggles and labors and leadership among the young people and in the building up of northern Utah, Idaho and Oregon, will long be remembered. He was an inspiration to the workers about him, and helped many young men who have since become prominent both in Church and State.—A

Editors' Table

What Is The Harvest?

June being the close of the Mutual Improvement year on study courses, it would seem to be a proper occasion to review the work and discover, if possible, what has been its harvest.

Concerning one item especially, though rather a difficult one to estimate, it would be well to count results. We might ask this question: "What number of testimonies have been obtained from the repetition and study of the slogan: 'We stand for an individual testimony of the divinity of Jesus Christ'?" In nine hundred associations, or thereabout, this slogan has been repeated weekly in concert by the members of each association. Prior to the repetition there has always been an appropriate introduction, consisting of scripture reading and faith-promoting remarks, during the whole year.

From computation, nearly 100,000 young people have repeated the slogan weekly, or approximately it has been repeated in the eight class-months about three million times.

If this has been done with the right attitude of mind, and we believe that such is the case in most instances, the psychological effect alone must have been wonderful. Some would say, perhaps, that this effort has become mechanical; but even so, we believe that thousands of our young people have been stirred to obtain such a testimony, or are on the way to receive it, through faith and prayer and through keeping the commandments. Many have become thoroughly imbued with the fact that their moral and religious lives will be directed hereafter by the gospel standards of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.

But if there are some who may not have received this testimony, they have been set on the way to obtain it, and we enjoin them to continue study, prayer, will, and work, until they shall receive it according to the promise made, "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." If this is done, and they so continue, the testimony is sure to come.

Testimony is correct knowledge—not knowledge only, but correct knowledge. It does not come to all in the same way, but if we have desire, it generally comes, in some way or other, to all who seek.

To Nathanael it came through faith, following a short conversation with the Savior. Through faith, and not by long study, he was immediately able to utter the following unequivocal testimony: "Thou art the son of God; thou art the king of Israel." Doubtless it came to him by virtue of faith, through the Holy Ghost and the revelations of the Father, even as Christ said it came to Peter.

But a testimony came in a different way to Thomas. To him it came following a physical demonstration and a miracle. Thomas, still doubting when the other disciples told him they had seen the resurrected Lord, exclaimed: "Except I shall see in his hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the print of the nails, and thrust my hand into his side, I will not believe." Following this declaration, on another occasion when Thomas was with the Twelve, Jesus stood among them, the resurrected Jesus, the doors being shut, and after the greeting, "Peace be unto you," he said, speaking directly to Thomas: "Reach hither thy finger, and behold my hands; and reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into my side: and be not faithless but believing." Then it was that Thomas received his testimony, and said unto Jesus: "My Lord and my God."

The answer that the Savior gave to him was kind and full of admonition to the youth of all ages, an answer that we must not forget: "Thomas, because thou hast seen me, thou hast believed: blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed." The point we wish to make is this, and this applies to all young men and all young women who feel that they have not yet received a testimony, that through desire, prayer, works of righteousness, persisted in, the testimony will come to all.

It may be delayed; it may be in different ways; but to the faithful, the persistent and those who keep the commandments of the Lord, it shall come. It may not be in the way that Nathanael received it; or that Thomas received it; it may not be by miracle or sign, though these are not to be despised, but to him or to her who has a desire and will follow the regulations and instructions, it will come in time, no matter how. The desire to know will bring it, if such desire is followed by will to know, by study, by prayer, by practicing the principles our Savior taught. It may come from one single fact or truth, and, having that evidence to build upon, more will be gathered to it, more truth, more sustaining evidence until the testimony shall be perfect. To those who have not obtained a perfect testimony, the desire will bring it, for desire spurs us on to work, and we will continue to practice, believing that Jesus is the way, the truth and the light. by whom we come unto the Father. We shall learn to love him and to keep his sayings, and he says: "He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me; and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself to him."

And as Moroni said: "I would exhort you that ye would ask God, the Eternal Father, in the name of Christ, if these things are not true; and if ye shall ask with a sincere heart, with real intent, having faith in Christ, he will manifest the truth of it unto you, by the power of the Holy Ghost."

There are many things of which we have knowledge that we cannot see by the naked eye. In science the atom, said to be a

universe in itself, and its recently discovered marvels, cannot be seen by the naked eye; but we have faith in the discoveries of the scientist. Hence, even material things as well must be understood by faith and by faith made known to us; even so spiritual things are made known and comprehended.

We admonish all who have not yet obtained a testimony to continue the search for it in the way pointed out; to retain what they have received, and by persistent prayer, study and work they shall reap a harvest of full and certain knowledge. The closing of the year should not end our efforts. Our slogan for 1926-27, to be presented at our annual conference, will require a continuation of similar efforts.—A.

President Grant's Visit to the East

President Heber J. Grant and Mrs. Grant left Salt Lake City, April 16, for a trip East. In Washington, D. C., the President attended the Sixteenth Annual Convention of the Boy Scouts of America, he being one of the representatives of the Salt Lake Council. On the way he held meetings in Chicago on April 25. He attended the convention meetings in Washington April 30 and May 1; and the dinner of the Twelfth Region representatives. Superintendent George Albert Smith was also present at these meetings. President Grant addressed briefly the convention, telling of the interest taken by the Church over which he presides in the young people of the M. I. A. and other organizations. It was held in the building of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and President Coolidge and General Baden Powell were among the speakers. President Grant, on May 2, attended Sunday school and met with the Saints in the chapel at Brooklyn. He spent a week with President Roberts, attending meetings also May 8 and 9 in the Massachusetts conference. On Friday, May 14, he addressed some forty or fifty missionaries in Brooklyn. On the 16 he attended the meetings of the Michigan conference of the Northern States mission, visiting Chicago May 17, where he met President John H. Taylor at the mission headquarters, leaving on the evening train for Salt Lake City. President Grant is looking and feeling well, and enjoyed the trip very much. He met Chief Justice William H. Taft, Associate Justice George H. Sutherland, Senator William H. King, and Representatives Don. B. Colton and E. O. Leatherwood, also Secretary Herbert Hoover, Stephen T. Mather, William Spry, Heber M. Wells, Brigadier General Bryant S. Wells, and many other friends. With Senator Smoot and Superintendent George Albert Smith, he looked over the property which has been purchased in Washington, and on which the Church intends to build a chapel.

What to do in June

Since all cannot come to the June Conference, have the vital messages of it carried over to your own organization by having the young people called together in stake or ward capacity to listen to a review of the big inspirational topics, such as the new message on recreation, reading course for the year, the slogan, the spiritual themes, etc. Announce here the Summer recreation program, weekly half-holiday programs, Fathers and Sons' Outings, Mothers and Daughters' Day, Flag Day exercises. It is a time for skillful, considerate, personal contact that will make the membership feel your interest in them. Consult the *Year-Round Recreation Program and Contests*, for suggestions.

Priesthood Quorums

The finest opportunity for spiritual growth among the young men and boys in the Church is through the medium of the Aaronic Priesthood. Every boy and young man who is worthy—and nearly every boy can be trained to merit it—may receive this divine authority. In order, however, that everyone who receives it shall sense the purpose of it, and make the proper development, careful, systematic and enthusiastic supervision is everywhere necessary. This supervision is mainly helpful in class work and lesson preparation, in the improving of attendance, the systematic performance of duties, and the social and fraternal activities for all members.

These boys are in the formative period of life. The thoughts and habits developed and the training obtained during the period from twelve to twenty years are very potent throughout their futures. They possess energy and initiative, but lack to some extent the patience and persistence necessary to carry out their plans. They are changing from boyhood to manhood—physically, mentally and spiritually. Upon their present associations and contacts will their future desires and actions be largely based, so they are entitled to the best of supervision. They need the association of older boys and men who can understand their viewpoint and who can influence them by example as well as by giving them positive things to think about and to do. They need kindly, persistent direction to develop in them the habit of putting things through. They should be impressed with the spirit of doing what they are asked to do.

The direct responsibility for this supervision has been wisely placed with the bishopric. Their contact with these young men and their friendly, spirited advice and instructions can be most effective. As a help to the bishopric in the handling of the necessary details, and in securing more individual contact with the boys, the selection of supervisors for the various quorums possessed of the qualifications indicated above means a very great deal in the development of the members and in the promotion of quorum unity. The association of the boys with such men should be the means of stimulating them to increased faith and higher ideals.

To insure the proper training of every member of this Priesthood in each stake, the appointment of a suitable high council committee by the stake presidency, to be charged especially with this important work, is most helpful. Such a group visiting each ward frequently, and considering with the bishopric and supervisors ways and means of getting every boy actively engaged in his duties, will be able to secure marked results. If, with their efforts in a spiritual way, they also promote some recreational activities for the quorums, their success will be even greater. To this end, therefore, renewed efforts should be directed by those responsible for this important work toward winning every member to activity in this Priesthood.

—THE PRESIDING BISHOPRIC.

The Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah, in its social service, is sending out free package libraries, intended to give the reader a condensed reading course on specific subjects. The books are free, but the reader is asked to pay the postage, amounting to about 10c on each package. The package is to be kept no more than two weeks. A list of topics, containing more than one hundred separate subjects, will be furnished to the inquirer, or he may give the title of the specific subject he wishes to study, and the service will endeavor to secure information without cost. Address, Extension Division, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah.

Mutual Work

Annual M. I. A. and Primary Conference

The Thirty-first General Annual conference of the Young Men's and Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Associations, and the Twenty-fourth Annual conference of the Primary Association of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, will be held in Salt Lake City, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, June 11, 12, and 13, 1926.

All members of the associations and all officers are particularly requested to be present at all of the meetings of the conference and a cordial invitation is extended to the Saints generally to attend the meetings to be held in the Tabernacle at 10:30 a. m., and 2 and 7 o'clock p. m., on Sunday, June 13.

GEORGE ALBERT SMITH,
RICHARD R. LYMAN,
MELVIN J. BALLARD,
General Superintendency Y. M. M. I. A.

MARTHA H. TINGEY,
RUTH M. FOX,
LUCY G. CANNON,
General Presidency Y. L. M. I. A.

MAY ANDERSON,
SADIE GRANT PACK,
ISABELLE S. ROSS,
Presidency Primary Association.

Programs For Joint Fast Sunday Evening M. I. A. Meetings

It is suggested that M. I. A. officers use the following programs on the Life of Joseph Smith for Fast Sunday evening joint meetings in June, July, August and September, making assignments in time for careful preparation. They may be assigned to one or more speakers. The songs accompanying should be appropriate to the main theme. Those who speak should give prayerful thought, attention, reading and study to the subject, so that, by the aid of the inspiration of the Spirit of the Lord, they may be able to interest and edify the congregation, making the speech to the point in the allotted time. Eight outlines on the evidences of the divinity of the mission and calling of the Prophet Joseph Smith will follow, these to be given in the other Fast Sunday evening meetings of the Mutual year:

I. JUNE—THE FAITH WHICH UNLOCKED THE HEAVENS.
   a. The religious status of the Smith family.
   b. Joseph's religious yearnings.
   c. His dissatisfaction with existing religious conditions.
   d. Help received from the Scriptures.
   e. The vision: Its significance in establishing the correct idea of Deity. Its significance in the establishment of the Church.

References: *Pearl of Great Price*, pages 46-49:1-23; *History of the Church* Vol. I, chapters 1 to 5, inclusive.

II. JULY—INTEGRITY WORTHY OF DIVINE TRUST.
   a. The period following the First Vision.
   b. The Prophet's testimony concerning the Vision.
   c. The visitation of Moroni.
   d. Tests of integrity.

e. Entrusted with the bringing forth of the Nephite record. Responsibility of the translation.
f. Entrusted with the Priesthood.
g. Entrusted with the organization of the Church of Jesus Christ.
h. Other trusts.

References: *Pearl of Great Price*, pages 49-57:24-75; *History of the Church*, volume I, chapters 2, 3, 5, 7, 8; *Doctrine and Covenants*, 13; 27; 27:12, 13; 128:20; 20:1.

III. AUGUST—PERSONAL POWER USED FOR RIGHTEOUS LEADERSHIP.
a. The Prophet Joseph's physical qualifications.
b. Ability to gather others to his cause.
c. His understanding of the powers of the Priesthood.
d. Incidents of his contact with men.
e. The love of his brother Hyrum.
f. The love and loyalty of his followers.

References: *Doctrine and Covenants*, 121:36; *History of the Church*, volume I, chapter 34; volume II, chapter 28; *Life of Joseph Smith*, by Geo. Q. Cannon, chapters 45 and 48.

IV. SEPTEMBER—COURAGE AND DEVOTION MARKED BY SUPREME SACRIFICE.
a. Love for his people.
b. Love for the Cause.
c. Courage in the face of persecution.
d. "Greater love hath no man than this that he lay down his life for his friends."

References: *History of the Church*, Vol. II, chapter 20; *Life of Joseph Smith*, by Geo. Q. Cannon, chapters 54, 62-66.

"Why 'Mormonism'?"

STUDIES FOR ASSOCIATIONS MEETING WEEKLY DURING JUNE, JULY, AUGUST, AND SEPTEMBER

In these outlines it has been the aim to point out those distinguishing purposes and doctrines that characterize the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and make it distinct from all other churches and organizations. These outlines on "Why Mormonism?" may be used either in lecture form or as a discussion for class groups. In either case, it is suggested that the audience be given opportunity to participate in questions and in contribution of assigned topics:

THREE LESSONS FOR JUNE

I—BECAUSE OF ITS ORIGIN AND DESTINY

1. It came into existence in fulfilment of prophecy. 2. No prediction of its Prophet founder has failed. It has fulfiled prophecy and is still fulfiling prophecy. 3. Its future is guaranteed by divine promise.

Special Problem: Why "Mormonism" may be justly called a miracle.

Questions and contributions from the audience.

II—BECAUSE OF ITS AIMS

1. The broad scope of its service. (a) In carrying the message of salvation to the living. (b) In placing the ordinances within the reach of the dead. 2. The Intensity of its watchcare. (a) Providing for good doing. (b) Preventing the doing of evil.

Special Problems: (a) What it means to be a missionary abroad. (b) What it means to be a teacher at home. (c) What are the evidences that missionary work

is one of the employments provided for the worthy dead between the time of their departure and their resurrection.

Questions and contributions from the audience.

III—BECAUSE OF ITS SPIRITUAL POWER AND AUTHORITY

1. The world without divine authority for ages. 2. The power given to perform the miracle of bringing forth the Book of Mormon. 3. The miracle that restored the Lesser Priesthood. 4. The miracle by which the Higher Priesthood was restored. 5. The names of the messengers from heaven who contributed to the establishing of "Mormonism" and the special contribution of each.

Special Problem: What is the evidence that divine authority was lost to man after the days of the apostles?

Questions and contributions by the audience.

Special note.

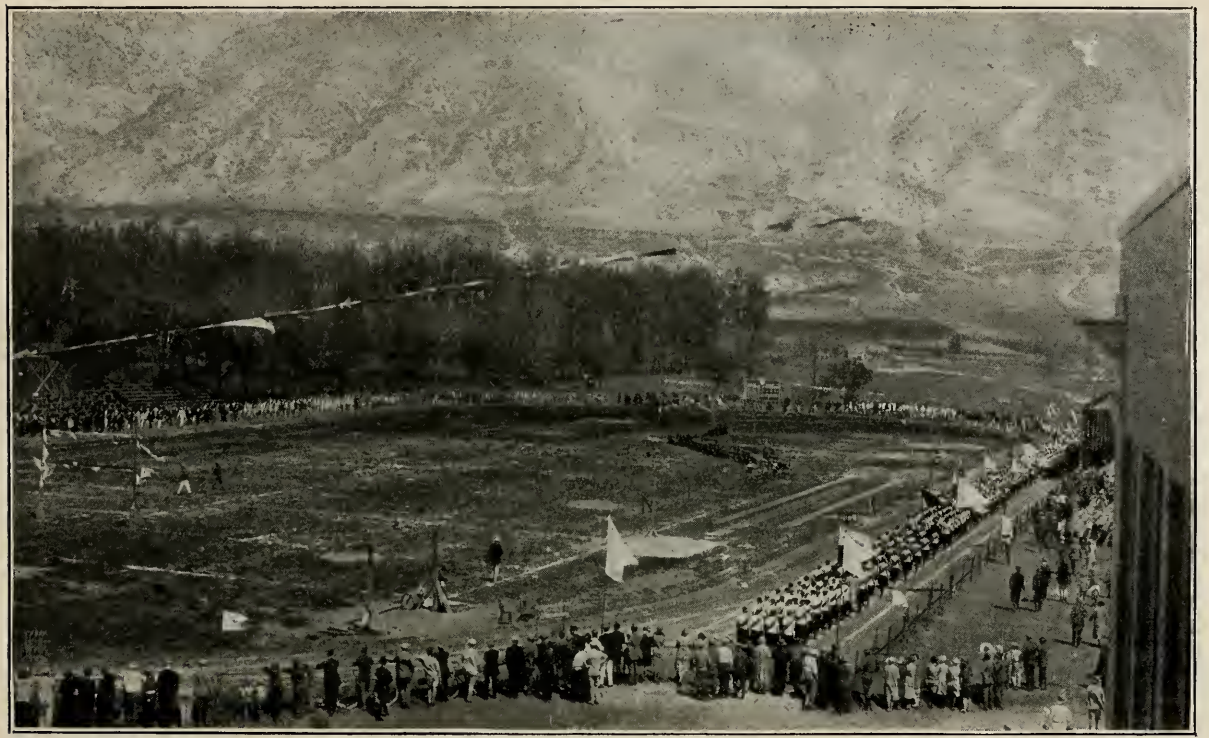
John held the keys of administering in the gospel ordinances and callings, and the record shows his exercise of the same up to the end of the first century A. D.—a third of a century after the death of the apostle Peter. Any claim of succession in church authority which precludes John as following Peter in that line of authority is a pseudo-succession. The Romish church places in this category its bishops St. Linus, A. D. 67-79; St. Cletus, 79-91; St. Clemens 1, 91-100 A. D. This elimination of John as the senior apostle of the Church of Christ from 67 to 100 A. D. is conclusively fatal to the Romish claim of succession—there is no double head of the Church of Christ. Hence, whatever claim of succession is made from the primitive church must include the presidency of the apostle John. In all the history of the world from the first to the nineteenth century of the Christian era, the only claim of succession in divine authority which includes the administration of the apostle John as well as that of the apostles Peter and James, and of John the Baptist as head of the Aaronic division of the priesthood is that presented by the prophet Joseph Smith—hence the latter's is the only regular claim in succession.—*James H. Anderson.*

The Sixteenth Annual Invitation Track Meet and Relay Carnival, Brigham Young University,

One of the greatest athletic events in the West. More than 1,300 boys and girls took part, marching in the carnival parade nearly a quarter of a mile in length. Dr. Adam S. Bennion, superintendent of Church schools, general referee of the day.

The B. Y. U. secondary training school won first place in tennis; the American Fork high school won first place in the posture parade, with Lehi a close second, and Lincoln high school third. Gordon Rhodes, of West Side high school, Salt Lake City, won the gold watch, presented to the high school boy winning the highest number of points out of ten events.

The best team in the West as determined by the Invitation Meet would be made up as follows: 100 yard dash, Stewart, Granite, time, 10.2; 220 yard dash, Jackson, West Side, time, 23 1/5; 440 yard dash, Stewart, Granite, time, 54 2/5; 880 yard run, Barker, Ogden, time, 2 min. 11 2/5 sec.; mile, Howe, Granite, time, 4 min. 49 3/5 sec.; 220 yard hurdles, Solomon, L. D. S. U., time, 28 2/5; high jump, Gudmunson, Springville, height 5 ft. 7 1/2 in.; broad jump, Clark, Grantsville, distance, 19 ft. 11 5/8 in.; pole vault, Carrey, B. A. C., height, 10 ft. 9 in.; discus throw, McCarty, Ogden, distance, 107 ft., 8 in.; shot put, Swain, Monroe, distance, 42 ft. 10 1/2 in.; javelin throw, Stevens, Payson, distance, 150 ft. 11 in.; one-mile relay, Provo high school, time, 3.51; 880 yard relay, West Side high school, time, 1.37 2/5; medley relay, East Side high school, time, 3.48; 440 yard relay, West Side high school, time, 47 1/5.



SIXTEENTH ANNUAL INVITATION TRACK MEET AND RELAY CARNIVAL
The Parade of the Athletes and Officers, Y. Field, Brigham Young University, April 24, 1926.

"The Ships of Life"

The Eleventh ward Mutual Improvement Association of the Ensign stake recently presented in their chapel a charming pageant, entitled "The Ships of Life," written by Sisters Geo. S. McAllister and Mary L. Willis. It was written especially for the Mutual boys and girls of that ward, and portrayed the purpose of earth life, teaching that we must pass over the "Sea of life" through various ships, Leadership, Friendship, Courtship, Companionship, Workmanship and Worship, in order to prepare for life eternal. Choruses were formed from the M. Men, Boy Scouts, Senior Girls, Bee-Hive and Junior Girls. One hundred three Mutual members participated in the excellent production, which was viewed, on two presentations, by approximately 1,700 people.

Why Fathers and Sons' Outings?

A beautifully illustrated 24-page pamphlet, entitled *Fathers and Sons' Annual Outing, Summer of 1926*, has been published by the General Board, Y. M. M. I. A. The cover shows Superintendent George Albert Smith and his son studying in the mountains and woods. Every illustration throughout the pamphlet smacks of nature and the glory of outing. The pamphlet tells, in plain words, why we should have Fathers and Sons' Outings; it admonishes sons to be thankful for their fathers and gives the reason; it defines what a boy is; and then proceeds to point out who should go, where to go, how to go, and when to go, with helpful descriptions and explanations and directions in each case. It suggests what materials to take on an outing, and what to do when you get there; and discusses very interestingly the "eats" appropriate to these occasions. It gives schedules for the day, leading activities, detailed plan of games and doings for the first day, the second day and the third day. It admonishes in a paragraph the need of preparation; you cannot afford to leave it till the last minute to work out the details of an outing. Begin early on program material and have dramatic and music numbers prepared beforehand. The pamphlet closes with a dozen appropriate outing songs. This beautiful little brochure may be had for the asking. Send to the Y. M. M. I. A. office for a copy; and then get busy on the preparations for your outing.

Church-Wide Average Efficiency Report

This Church-wide Y. M. M. I. A. Efficiency Report, compiled from the January reports, the best of the reports received during the year, and including eighty-two stakes, the highest number reporting on any month, shows the following average points:

	Points		Points
Membership	9	Monthly Joint Programs	9.5
Average Attendance	7.4	*Improvement Era*	7.7
Recreation	8.8	General Fund	8.2
Scout Work	7.7	Monthly Stake and Ward Officers' Meetings	8.7
M Men	7.4	Ward Officers' Meetings	8.6

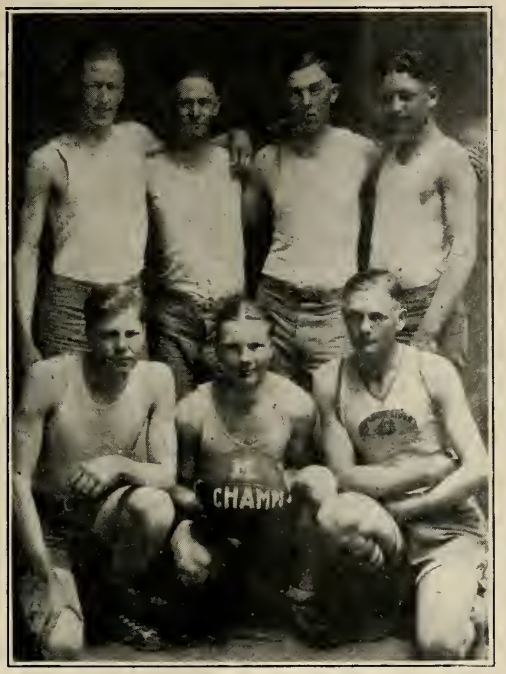
How does your stake stand for the year in comparison?

New Superintendent Y. M. M. I. A., Blaine Stake

From President W. L. Adamson of the Blaine stake, we learn that on May 9, Worthington C. Eldredge was released as superintendent of the stake Y. M. M. I. A., and David K. Hendry was chosen to fill the vacancy. The address of Brother Hendry is Jerome, Idaho.

Champions, South Sanpete M Men

These boys, winners of a series of games played in the wards of Ephraim, have won the stake championship of South Sanpete. They represent a good live M Men's class, and are the type of fellows we are proud to call our own. In winning this championship, they also won a new basketball, which was offered the winning team by the stake officers.



Front row, left to right: Howard Christensen, Robert Sorenson, Curtis Rasmussen.

Back row: Alden Lund, Paul Anderson, Whitney Christensen, Reed Larsen. Henry Pederson, class teacher, Ephraim, Utah.

Teacher-Training

The following recommendations of the Committee on Teacher-training, comes to the auxiliary officers under date of May 18, 1926:

1. That for the purpose of promoting better teaching in the auxiliary organizations, one member of each stake and ward superintendency or presidency be appointed to be responsible specifically for the teaching in his or her organization.

2. That such persons work in conjunction with the stake and ward Teacher-training supervisors in making Teacher-training more helpful in the respective organizations. a. By promoting attendance at Teacher-training meetings. b. By assisting in making applications of the various Teacher-training discussions in the various classes of the auxiliary organizations. c. By bringing from these organizations problems for consideration at Teacher-training meetings.

3. That approval be given to the text, as planned for 1926-27 by the Department of Education: a book of readings selected from the best available material on: a. How to prepare a lesson. b. How to present a lesson. c. How to check a lesson's carry-over values.

Y M. M. I. A. Statistical Report, April, 1926

STAKES	Should be Enrolled	No. Wards	No. Wards Reporting	Officers and Class Leaders' Enrollment	Ad. Senior Enrollment	Senior Enrollment	Ad. Junior Enrollment	Junior Enrollment	Total	Officers and Class Leaders' Attendance	Ad. Senior Attendance	Senior Attendance	Ad. Junior Attendance	Junior Attendance	Total
Beaver	309	4	3	29	77	54		83	243	24	63	42		57	186
Box Elder	638	13	13	117	249	160	70	270	866	67	108	45	28	191	439
Cottonwood	717	10	8	82	78	184		255	599	62	23	44		165	294
Deseret	471	12	11	106	187	160	17	147	617	55	89	72	12	72	300
Duchesne	297	11	4	26	27	20	16	25	114	17	16	9	13	18	73
Ensign	934	8	8	85	157	281	78	283	884	83	76	112	40	223	534
Granite	950	9	7	82	90	202	55	235	664	56	41	115	46	163	421
Grant	1170	14	10	102	90	359	114	352	1017	78	59	113	45	157	452
Gunnison	288	7	7	45	78	81	46	65	315	37	20	47	19	40	163
Hyrum	500	10	2	21	46	52		45	164	14	18	28		25	85
Jordan	1101	16	14	113	209	265		416	1003	88	74	134		246	542
Juab	336	5	4	36	83	87		113	319	26	54	32		68	180
Kanab	215	6	6	52	70	44		92	258	41	53	29		74	197
Liberty	1350	12	12	136	248	339	236	359	1318	96	149	132	122	216	715
Millard	344	8	6	48	78	52	12	85	275	37	52	29	7	68	193
Morgan	203	10	7	46	74	24	9	62	215	31	49	15	6	35	136
North Davis	446	6	3	25	26	33		56	140	13	11	18		35	77
North Sevier	267	6	4	27	75	52	27	43	224	19	29	10	9	14	81
Ogden	836	10	10	96	127	200	19	312	754	67	63	91	13	158	392
Oquirrh	462	5	4	41	59	74	29	125	328	29	13	19	9	66	136
Parowan	495	8	4	29	88	83	31	68	299	22	35	29	7	24	117
Pioneer	782	10	10	75	84	176	51	263	649	55	36	56	12	108	267
St. George	680	15	8	74	149	106	52	120	501	49	75	36	66	71	297
Salt Lake	1067	13	13	135	160	202	50	404	951	93	71	80	24	252	520
San Juan	182	4	3	38	48	57	25	82	250	25	43	34	14	36	152
Summit	467	12	11	45	33	75	9	98	260	28	13	33	3	35	112
Tooele	398	10	4	31	67	28	14	28	168	17	46	4	1	13	81
Uintah	404	10	8	58	110	126	26	120	440	40	65	55	14	60	234
Weber	667	8	8	71	86	134		267	588	51	25	58		158	292
Bannock	242	8	4	64	79	60		55	258	25	24	41		20	110
Blackfoot	514	13	11	94	120	135	18	151	518	71	86	93	13	99	362
Burley	315	9	9	70	130	85	9	124	418	57	61	49	1	67	235
Cassia	193	6	6	70	19	18	13	38	158	10	23			9	42
Curlew	124	10	3	17	13	10		26	66	13	7	6		15	41
Franklin	420	11	11	97	132	88		178	495	53	53	41		115	262
Fremont	657	14	13	99	175	154	35	170	633	60	80	57	18	76	291
Idaho	203	11	5	57	83	36	16	46	238	5	6	2	1	2	16
Lost River	84	4	2	19	25	31		32	107	13	13	13		13	52
Montpelier	367	13	12	68	93	56	41	123	381	51	48	37	12	79	227
Rigby	520	13	8	67	89	59	29	74	318	44	49	35	17	31	176
Teton	290	8	8	39	64	56	8	66	233	28	29	38		21	116
Twin Falls	210	6	6	33	64	44		56	197	31	48	34		42	155
Yellowstone	370	10	8	58	93	96		82	329	39	58	38		39	174
Alberta	301	11	8	76	111	120	88	93	488	53	62	61	25	73	274
Lethbridge	223	9	9	70	74	78	30	73	345	58	63	47	17	56	241
Los Angeles	526	18	17	150	171	279	10	202	812	121	147	218	7	163	656
Maricopa	419	8	8	73	121	119	24	163	500	56	76	59	13	99	303
St. Joseph	251	15	6	54	90	63	13	90	310	36	63	36	11	68	214
Woodruff	435	9	9	71	170	113	18	110	482	48	113	58	11	62	292
Calif. Mission	1046	34	32	204	382	224	71	165	1046	163	243	148	58	108	720
N. W. States	310	22	21	81	175	54	29	40	379	65	135	37	21	29	287

Fifty stakes and two missions reported for April. What stakes will hold out to the end and give us a report for May? One can do it as well as another. Thank you.

Y. M. M. I. A. Efficiency Report, April, 1926

STAKES	Membership	Average Attendance	Recreation	Scout Work	"M" Men	Monthly Joint Programs	"Era"	Fund	Monthly Stake and Ward Officers' Mtgs.	Ward Officers' Meetings	Total
Beaver	8	10	10	8	10	10	9	10	10	10	95
Box Elder	10	5	10	8	5	10	10	10	10	10	88
Cottonwood	8	5	10	10	10	10	10	10	9	7	89
Deseret	10	5	9	7	7	10	10	10	8	8	84
Duchesne	4	6	10	3	___	10	5	5	8	8	59
Ensign	9	6	10	10	10	10	10	8	10	10	93
Granite	7	6	10	10	10	10	8	5	10	10	86
Grant	9	4	7	7	7	7	7	6	7	7	68
Gunnison	10	5	9	3	9	9	9	9	8	8	79
Hyrum	3	5	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	98
Jordan	9	5	9	10	8	8	10	8	9	8	84
Juab	10	6	8	6	8	8	10	8	8	5	77
Kanab	10	10	10	8	10	10	8	6	10	8	90
Liberty	10	5	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	95
Millard	8	10	10	4	5	10	6	5	7	8	73
Morgan	10	6	10	7	3	10	10	10	10	5	81
North Davis	3	5	10	10	6	6	10	9	8	10	77
North Sevier	8	4	10	10	6	10	5	3	6	3	65
Ogden	9	5	10	9	8	10	9	8	10	9	87
Oquirrh	7	4	10	10	8	10	10	8	10	10	87
Parowan	6	4	7	10	10	10	2	7	2	7	65
Pioneer	8	4	10	8	7	10	8	8	9	10	82
St. George	7	6	8	8	10	10	8	9	___	9	75
Salt Lake	9	5	10	10	10	10	8	10	10	10	93
San Juan	10	6	10	8	5	10	10	10	8	8	85
Summit	6	5	9	7	2	10	8	10	8	7	72
Tooele	4	5	4	3	10	4	4	4	3	4	45
Uintah	10	5	10	5	6	10	7	7	8	8	76
Weber	8	5	10	9	9	9	7	9	10	10	86
Bannock	10	4	___	2	___	10	10	5	5	5	51
Blackfoot	10	10	9	6	8	10	8	8	9	9	87
Burley	10	6	9	6	8	10	10	9	9	9	86
Cassia	8	3	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	91
Curlew	5	4	2	___	___	3	10	10	5	1	40
Franklin	10	5	10	10	7	10	10	9	9	8	88
Fremont	10	5	10	10	8	9	10	10	9	9	90
Idaho	10	1	6	6	6	10	9	10	10	7	75
Lost River	10	5	10	3	7	5	7	8	10	10	75
Montpelier	10	6	9	5	5	8	8	6	7	7	71
Oneida	9	9	10	10	4	10	10	10	10	6	88
Rigby	6	6	5	5	5	5	9	9	5	5	60
Teton	8	5	6	1	3	8	10	9	5	3	58
Twin Falls	9	10	10	8	7	10	7	8	10	10	89
Yellowstone	9	5	10	7	7	9	10	10	9	9	85
Alberta	10	6	7	3	6	7	7	7	7	7	67
Lethbridge	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	100
Los Angeles	10	10	9	8	9	10	10	9	10	10	95
Maricopa	10	6	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	96
St. Joseph	10	10	10	10	6	10	10	10	10	10	96
Woodruff	10	6	9	9	6	10	8	10	5	8	81
Calif. Mission	10	10	10	4	10	10	8	10	10	10	92
N. W. States	10	10	9	10	10	10	8	8	10	7	92

Passing Events

The German Chancelor, Dr. Hans Luther, resigned, on May 12, after a vote of censure in the reichstag. The entire cabinet went with him. The vote seems to be a triumph for the monarchists.

Alton B. Parker, who in 1904 was the Democratic candidate for the presidency, against Theodore Roosevelt, died, May 10, 1926, while riding in an automobile through Central Park, New York. Three days previously he had contracted a cold. He was on his way to his country home in Esopus, N. Y., accompanied by his wife and nurse, when he was stricken with heart attack. Death was almost instantaneous.

Seed Potato Treatment is the title of a circular by B. L. Richards, Plant Pathologist, which has been published recently by the Utah Experiment Station, Logan, Utah, and which will be sent free to anyone upon request. Address request to *Publications Division* ,and ask for Circular No. 60. It will show you how to get clean potato seed, which, when planted in clean soil, wll produce a clean potato crop.

Funeral services for Carlos Lyon Sessions, of Bountiful, Utah, were held in the First ward chapel, April 18, 1926. He was the eldest son of Perrigrine and Julia Ann Killgore Sessions, and was born July 16, 1842, at Nauvoo, Ill. He came to Utah with his parents in the Parley P. Pratt company, arriving in Utah Sept. 24, 1847. Death came Tuesday, April 13, at Los Angeles, where he has resided the past year.

Revolution in Poland was reported to have broken out, May 12, and Marshal Pilsudski, former president of the republic, was said to have entered Warsaw, for the purpose of forcing the present government from power. Dispatches from Prague and Cracow say the revolt began Tuesday night. Soldiers in the Rembertov camp, on the outskirts of the capital, resented an attack on Pilsudski's home, close by, and, with the former president at their head, began a march on Warsaw. On May 15, President Wojciechwski and his cabinet resigned.

The preliminary disarmament conference, called for the purpose of studying the question from every possible angle, convened at Geneva, May 18, 1926, and elected Dr. Giuseppe Mott, Switzerland, president, and Dr. Thomas A. Le Breton, of Argentina, vice-president. Viscount Cecil, for Great Britain, asserted that the maintenance of world peace is the real issue involved. Some apprehension is felt on account of the treaty between Russia and Germany, recently signed. U. S. Minister in Switzerland, Hugh S. Gibson, is chairman of the American delegation.

A large business transaction was completed on April 28, when the control of the real estate in the Salt Lake City business district, held by the Clayton Investment Company, passed to Mr. Ashby Snow. The property includes twenty-five buildings and properties with a valuation in excess of $1,000,000. The controlling or three-fifths interest was obtained by Mr. Snow through his purchase of 3,025 shares of the Clayton company stock from the Merchants National bank of Los Angeles for a cash consideration of $400,000 and assumption of a blanket mortgage.

The first Pan-American congress of journalists convened in Washington, April 7, 1926. Twenty-one republics were represented. Secretary Kellogg, in welcoming the visitors on behalf of the Pan-American union, said they might well exercise their influence in the cause of peace and international understanding. He predicted that progress in recent years in settlement of inter-American controversies might well lead in the not

distant future, "to a situation unparalleled in the history of the world—a situation in which every major dispute has to be settled by the orderly processes of mediation and arbitration."

Funeral services for Hyrum R. Huntsman, Ferron, Utah, were held there, according to a report published March 19. He was born Feb. 25, 1843, in Hancock county, Ill., and came to Utah in 1853. When about 17 years old he made three trips back to the Missouri river after emigrants. After that he was called by President Brigham Young to help settle the Dixie country. He shared in all of the Indian troubles in that country. Once the Indians took all of his stock from him, and at another time they burned his house. His wife was Emeline Hunt. They were married in 1865, and to them two children were born.

San Francisco celebrated the 20th anniversary of its destruction, April 18, with streets and shop windows profusely decorated, and appropriate speech making. The growth of San Francisco since the fire and quake was the topic of many speakers who addressed the various gatherings. Mayor James Rolph, Jr., speaking before the South Market street boys and girls, contrasted the city of twenty years ago and today. "The population of 425,000," he said, "which fled before the flames and falling walls twenty years ago turned to build bigger and better buildings, until now San Francisco has more than twice that number of inhabitants."

Air mail connection was actually established between Salt Lake City and Los Angeles, April 17, 1926, when two planes carried mail and congratulations between the two termini. Charlie N. James, who piloted the plane to Los Angeles arrived there at 5:12 p. m. The Los Angeles pilot arrived in Salt Lake at 3:20 p. m. The time between the two cities can easily be made in seven hours. The connection between the two points by the air route has been established, and that is another forward step in transportation, from the days of the ox teams, the hand cart and the pony express. It means that the railroads have a rival.

The new shah of Persia, Resa Khan Pehlevi, was crowned, April 25, amid scenes of Oriental splendor. He rose from the position of groom and trooper in the Persian Cossacks to one of premier and dictator. After he had become premier, in 1923, he declared himself in favor of a republic. He carried out a successful coup, which ousted the Kajar dynasty and suddenly changed his mind, announcing his intention of becoming monarch. Shah Ohmed Kajar was then in Paris, and spent most of his time on the Riviera and gave little attention to the needs of his country. The ceremony, April 25, took place in the museum hall of the old Gulistan palace.

Elder Duncan M. McAllister, the Temple recorder, was "at home" to his friends, at the Kensington apartments, on April 18, the occasion being the 84th anniversary of his birthday. He has been connected with the office of the recorder since 1893. He succeeded John Nicholson as chief recorder and held that position until 1916, when he was appointed recorder in the St. George temple. For 16 months he labored in the temple at Laie. On his return home he was appointed to his present position, and in spite of advancing years, is a steady and efficient worker in that capacity. Mr. McAllister is still active and retains all his faculties in remarkably vigorous condition.

Mrs. Zebina Starr Alleman died at her home in Springville, Utah, March 16, 1926, of ailments incident to advanced age. She was born at Nauvoo, Ill., May 2, 1846, the daughter of Edward William and Amanda Kellogg Starr. She came to Springville with her parents in 1850, and a few years later went to St. George. She returned to Springville when a young woman and married the late John H. Alleman. Mrs. Alleman has always been an active church worker. For many years she was president of the Primary and also of the Relief Society of the Springville Second ward. She

is survived by one son and one daughter, H. B. Alleman of Bingham and Mrs. Ida Alleman Taylor of Springville.

Mrs. Sarah A. Turnbow, widow of Robert F. Turnbow, passed away at a Salt Lake City hospital, April 9, as a result of an automobile accident that occurred April 5. She was born at Nauvoo, Ill., December 14, 1842, and came to Utah in 1850. She was the daughter of Samuel and Martisha Smoot Smith. She was an active worker in the Church. Of her eleven children, the following are still living: Mrs. S. H. Harrow, Robert F. and Joseph A. Turnbow, and Mrs. A. L. Divers, all of Salt Lake: Mrs. B. W. Brown of American Fork, Mrs. A. H. Libby and Le Grand Turnbow of Los Angeles. and Parley W. Turnbow. There are also thirty-three grandchildren and twenty-four great-grandchildren.

Hoopuloa, a village on the south coast of Hawaii, was destroyed, April 18, 1926, by a lava stream from the volcano Mauna Loa. The houses were entirely buried in the slowly moving mass. A flood of molten rock pouring out from the crater struck the sea at 6:21 a. m., starting the ocean boiling several hundred feet out. Army airplanes arrived a few hours after the village was wiped out, but were unable to locate the flow definitely because of the dense steam and smoke. The aviators reported the heat was intense at an elevation of 3000 feet, but succeeded in getting some pictures. Huge clouds of steam hung over the ocean, rising to a height of several hundred feet. As the lava struck the water, tremendous jets of steam shot into the air, showering the entire region about the bay.

The war debt of France to the United States, amounting to $4,025,000,000, will be paid in installments over a period of 62 years, according to an agreement between the American debt commission and Ambassador Berenger, representing France, April 29. The total payment will amount to $6,847,674,000. The first two years $30,000,000 will be paid. Then the yearly payment will increase gradually until the seventeenth year, when $125,000,000 will be paid annually until the last payment, which will be $117,674,104. This settlement concludes negotiations with America's second largest war debtor, and substantially completes the commission's work of funding the $10,102,000,000 foreign world war debt of this nation. Only $295,000,000 of this amount remains unfunded.

Captain Roald Amundsen crossed the North Pole, in the dirigible *Norge,* May 12, 1926, at 1 a. m., Norwegian time, which would be May 11, at 7 p. m., eastern standard time. He left King's Bay, Spitzbergen, 15 hours previously, for Nome, Alaska. At 8 o'clock p. m., May 13, the Amundsen polar expedition arrived at Teller, 75 miles northwest of Nome. Captain Amundsen, Lincoln Ellsworth, Captain Oscar Wisting, and Lieutenant Oscar Omdahl continued their journey to Nome, in a launch, piloted by Captain Peterson, the owner, and they arrived at Nome on Sunday, May 16, at 5 a. m. The launch had to be dragged 14 miles over the ice to open water. The dirigible *Norge* was left at Teller, where it was deflated and prepared for shipment by steamer. The explorers state that they found ice and open water at the pole, but no land.

The oldest woman of the world, as far as known, is Mrs. Delina Filkins, who celebrated her 111th birthday on May 4, 1926. She was born in the town of Stark, five miles from Jordanville, New York, May 4, 1815, and is still enjoying life. She rises every morning at 5:30, eats a hearty breakfast, makes her own bed, sews, does a few things around the house and uses her spare time for reading. When she reads the newspaper and the finer type of her Bible, Mrs. Filkins uses her spectacles, and her hearing is slightly impaired. Illness—an operation last fall—has kept her in bed only once and then she cared for herself a day after the surgeon had completed his work. Two days later she was out of bed.

Ruth L. Smith, wife of President Frederick M. Smith of the Re-

organized Church, met with a fatal auto accident near her home in Kansas City, Missouri, on Friday, April 30, 1926, while crossing the street in that City. She was born December 9, 1872, at Little Sioux, Iowa, and was married to President Frederick M. Smith, August 3, 1897. She came to Independence, Missouri, about 1906, where the family made their home until about five years ago, when they removed to Kansas City, Missouri. She was by profession a teacher, having taught in Omaha and Lamoni. For a long time she was president of the department of women of the Re-organized Church, and left her lasting impression upon the women's work of that church, besides contributing in many ways to its interests.

The Alaskan was seriously damaged, May 6, 1926, in an attempt to hop off at Fairbanks, Alaska, for a polar trip. The Alaskan is the plane of the Detroit Arctic expedition, in which Captain George Hubert Wilkins and Lieutenant Carl Benjamin Eielson were about to undertake a one-thousand mile flight in the Arctic, in order to find unexplored land believed to exist in the North. In running for a rise, the plane struck a hummock of soft earth and tilted to one side. The right wing hit the ground and was torn to shreds, the propeller was splintered and the landing gear on the right side was wrecked. The expedition has another airplane, the *Detroiter,* but this plane has, so far, not been able to fly over Brooks range between Fairbanks and Point Barrow. Captain Wilkins plans to hop off as soon as possible in this three engined monoplane.

Oscar S. Straus passed away, May 3, 1926, in New York, at his Fifth Avenue home, after having suffered for some time from a complication of diseases. He came to this country from Bavaria at the age of 5 years, as a Jewish immigrant boy, and gradually rose to prominence as a merchant, financier, philanthropist and diplomat. In 1897 he was appointed minister to Turkey by President Cleveland. In 1906 he became the first member of the Hebrew race to enter the cabinet. He then was appointed secretary of commerce by President Roosevelt, in which capacity he had supervision of immigrants. For 18 years he was connected with the Hague tribunal, beginning in 1902. He also was a founder of the National Civic Federation and author of a number of books on economics. Mr. Straus began his career as a lawyer in 1873, but forsook this in 1881 to join a pottery and glassware importing house under the name of L. Straus and Sons.

To the North Pole and return in 15 hours was the record established by Lieutenant Commander Richard E. Byrd, a U. S. aviator, on May 9, 1926. He left King's Bay, Spitzbergen, at 12:50 a. m. and returned at 4:20 p. m., having made a distance of about 1,600 miles. He was accompanied by Floyd Bennet, of the government air service. The flight demonstrated that wings could do in less than a day what Admiral Peary, discoverer of the North Pole, consumed eight months in negotiating by dog sled. His giant three-motored airplane carried him safely over wastes which Amundsen last year pronounced unsafe for airplane flights, and the distance traveled was equal to more than a month's mushing in the Arctic under the most ideal conditions for dog teams. Among those who welcomed Lieutenant Byrd and his companion from the North Pole, were Captain Amundsen, Lincoln Ellsworth and the crew of their airship *Norge,* on which they afterwards made a similar flight.

Christine Pehrson Ellsworth died in Payson, Utah, April 28, 1926. She was born in Sweden, July 12, 1848, came to Salt Lake City in Soren Christoffersen's company in 1862; settled in South Jordan, thence, moved to Moroni and later to Payson. She married German Ellsworth in 1868. She had sixteen children, six of whom, with their father, had preceded her to the Great Beyond. She walked practically the entire distance from Florence to Salt Lake City when she emigrated to Utah. She was a patient, loving wife and mother, and a great lover of the gospel, serving as president of

the Relief Society of the Payson Second ward for many years. The following sons and daughters survive her: German E. Ellsworth, Washington, D. C.; George Arthur, Lyman, Wyoming; Reuben W., Wilford J., and Mrs. May Ellsworth McKell, of Payson; Dr. Lewis N., Benjamin F., and Mrs. Sarah Ellsworth Madsen, of Salt Lake City; Dr. Jesse Ellsworth, Eureka; and Mrs. Luella E. Thorne, Pleasant Grove, Utah. Besides her ten children she leaves fifty-six grand-children and twenty-five great-grand-children.

Captain David L. Davis died at his home in Salt Lake City, April 20, 1926. The day previous he visited his place of business and, on returning home, had his lunch when he suffered a stroke which ended his earthly career 22 hours later. David Lazarus Davis was born at Llanwenog, Cardiganshire, South Wales, January 31, 1841, the son of Titus and Mary Bowen Davis. He joined the Church when in his sixteenth year. In 1864 he crossed the Atlantic in the ship *General McClellan*, which took the better part of six months to travel from Liverpool to New York. He crossed the plains from Missouri to Salt Lake City by ox team, reaching Salt Lake City in October of the same year, driving a twelve-ox team practically all of the distance. Following his arrival he worked for the late William Jennings in the grocery department of his store, later in Z. C. M. I. Later he became a member of the firm of Barnes & Davis, afterwards Barnes, Davis & Lewis. In the late 80's the latter firm dissolved and since that time Captain Davis had been in business for himself. He served two terms as a member of the city council (1886-1900) from the Third municipal ward. As a cruiser and navigator of the Great Salt Lake he was best known to many. His boats, *Cambria I, II and III*, and the *Esther* have carried many notables in their day over the lake. Considered the best informed of his time on the navigable powers of Utah's inland sea, he sailed it continuously for over sixty years.

A general strike began in England, May 4, affecting all the great industries of the country, pursuant to a declaration by the trades union congress. It involved close to five million workers, including more than a million miners in the coal fields, who struck as a protest against less pay and increased hours. The first effects were seen by the cessation of railroad and street car traffic, and the suspension of two London newspapers, *The Daily Mail* and *The Mirror*. On this side of the Atlantic the seriousness of the situation was reflected in a general reaction in practically all of the principal securities commodities markets. A New York report says active securities recorded declines from 3 to 10½ points. British government bonds sank to new low levels for the year; sterling exchange dropped nearly a cent over the week-end; French and Belgian currencies sank to record lows for all time at 3.27 and 3.28 cents, respectively; wheat futures broke 2c to 3c a bushel, and moderate recessions took place in cotton and most of the other important commodity markets. The government has made preparations, backed by thousands of volunteers, to continue what are known as the vital services, the distribution of food, bread and milk for the children, and for a continuance as far as possible for the means of transport, and the big places of business and corporations have arranged to provide sleeping and eating quarters for their employees, so that the necessity of returning home by day or night will be obviated. The strike was called off on May 12, after having lasted for 9 days. The coal controversy negotiations will be resumed and the government will pay subsidies until a settlement is reached. It is estimated that the strike has cost Great Britain $1,700,000,000. The pound went back to par. A new controversy, it was reported, had developed the day after the strike was called off. The labor unions demanded that all the strikers be reinstated. Employees stated that the industrial depression created by the strike made it impossible to give employment to all.

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Humorous Hints

The *Literary Digest* says that "a convict died from fright, superinduced by fear." Maybe he was scared, too.—*Vermont Enterprise Journal.*

* * *

"How came the bootlegger got away?" asked the captain.

"Well," said the dumb cop," just as I was about to catch up with his car, the little light on the back fender flashed the warning word, 'stop,' so what could I do?"—*Perrins.*

* * *

This Month's Fable.—Dumb Daniel was a lumberman's son known about the logging camp as "The Sap." One afternoon he overslept.

"What!" roared the father. "Isn't Dumb Daniel up yet?"

"No; he barked his shins, and 'The Sap' can't rise!"

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"TRADE WITH YOUR FRIENDS"

A potato is said to grow wild in Chile, thus distinguishing Chile from this country, where it is the potato buyer.—*Detroit News.*

* * *

Barney Hirshburg at a country hotel, on a recent trip, said to the waitress: "Nice day, little one."

The waitress replied: "Yes, it is; so was yesterday. My name is Grace, and I know I'm a pretty girl; have lovely blue eyes, and I've been here quite a while, and I like the place, and don't think I'm too nice a girl to be working here. My wages are satisfactory, and I don't think there is a show or dance in town tonight. If there were, I would go alone. I'm from the country, and I'm a respectable girl, and my brother is a cook in this hotel, and he was a college football player and weighs over three hundred pounds. Now, what will you have: roast beef, roast pork, Irish stew, hamburger, steak or fried liver?"

Barney said: "Give me a bottle of milk and put a nipple on it."—*Grocer's Advocate.*

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Many a "Bridle" couple don't know a "bit!"—*Perrins.*

* * *

The man who will not obey the law as it stands isn't likely to comply with it if modified.—*Columbus Dispatch.*

* * *

Jim: "Marriage brings a great change into a man's life."

Tim: "Yes, and it takes a lot of it out of his pocket."—*D. C. R.*

* * *

"Alas, I'm without visible means of support."

"You are?"

"Yes. I'm not wearing garters nor suspenders any more."—*Perrins.*

* * *

Jim: "What's Bob so grouchy about?"

Tim: "Why, he spent two weeks writing an article for the *Farm Journal* on Fresh Milk, and when it came out the editor had condensed it."—*D. C. R.*

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